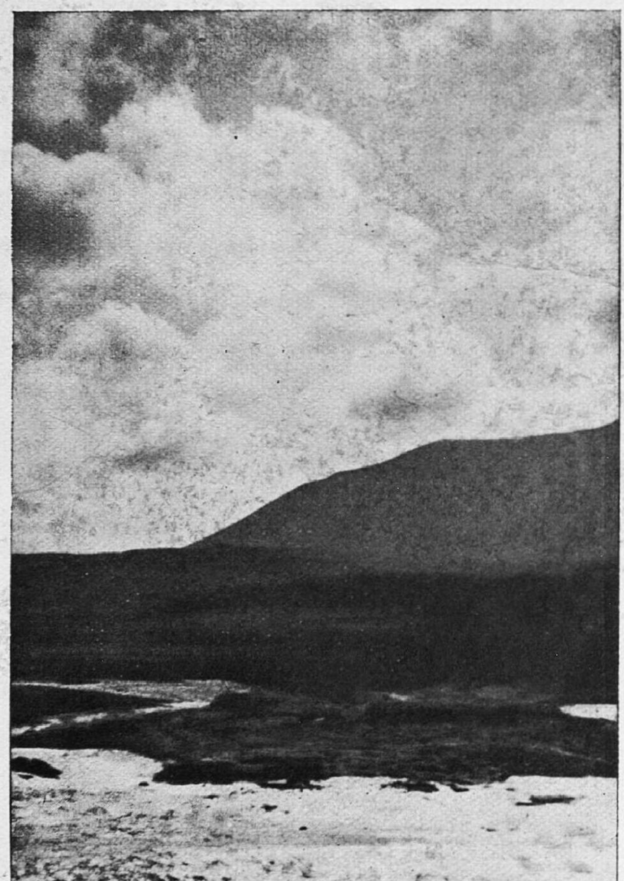


[K. N. Raj

THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1941

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE POETRY 1883-1934

By L. M. Turner, *5 Hons., Br. vii*

It was with some hesitation that I began my quest for the poetry of Christian College. The formidable collection of old volumes, smelling of the tobacco that was used to preserve their venerable pages, in an obscure corner of the library, was not a sight to arouse much enthusiasm: but after a while, the fascination of the task overcame me. The poetry, though often imperfect in technique, never struck me as being insincere. It was vibrant with feeling, and I met with much that was beautiful in the course of my long voyage, beset though it was with the difficulty of ploughing through many volumes that possessed neither index nor table of contents.

Grave philosophic thought; the conflict between duty and the desire for peace in the struggle for world-betterment; a world where the very existence of evil appeared to deny the existence of God; the profound faith in the goodness of the Creator with which all such doubts were met: these formed the solemn themes of most of the poems till the out-break of the Great War. Then a queer silence seemed to descend upon the Christian College Muse and there was no poetry for a number of years, until about the year 1927 in the students' section of the magazine. It is a strange fact that professors do not nowadays seem to be as poetical as they used to be! The influence of Indian mystical thought, a deeper appreciation of natural beauty and a slighter emphasis upon the struggle for world-betterment are the main characteristics of this later poetry. Light verse, however, also makes a welcome entry in the year 1931 when the whole magazine was given over to the students.

A hymn by Walter Hooper in the 1883 volume which is sometimes sung at the College evening service forms a prelude of majestic calm to the poetry that is to follow:—

Spirit of good divine
May we be wholly thine,
Though all things pass away
And night succeeds the day
Fill us with thee that so
We may rejoice to know
Life's day-light ends.

In strong contrast to this is a troubled poem of Dr. Miller's called 'The Students' Twilight on the Shore' which perhaps received its inspiration from walks along the Madras beach. Dr. Miller for some reason or other uses the initials L. L. as a pseudonym and I was almost led astray into thinking that

his poems were written by a later contributor, the Rev. L. P. Larsen, but for the fact that the 'Death Song of Regner Lodbrog' (a vigorous translation of a Norse lay which is followed by those initials in the 1885 volume) is stated by him to have been his own, in a reprinting of it in the 1918 issue.

Dr. Miller was undoubtedly a greater proseman than a poet, but I cannot help feeling that his poetry is a deeper expression of his inmost thoughts. His brave spirit was troubled by the problem of Evil and how it entered upon 'a world so bright and fair'. Nature brings him no comfort, for he is in an age when the theory of Evolution has destroyed much of the peace to be drawn from her. He sees Nature 'red in tooth and claw' and the great waves breaking upon the beach bring him no sympathy :—

> What to them is Man's lamenting,
> What to them his out-cries vain ?

The true explanation and comfort must be sought elsewhere—it must be obtained from the lips of Christ.

Dr. Miller was a strong and vigorous personality as his poems 'The death song of Regner Lodbrog' and 'Eleazer's call to war' clearly reveal. The latter with its stanza

> Ay his were days of rest and peace
> It was not such a peace as now,
> We needed not for protection then
> At Gentile feet to bow

must have had a strange effect upon the students of that time of awakening national consciousness, even though the oath that Eleazer made his people take led them to disaster, bringing

> . . . The ever-darkening war
> That grew more hopeless as it grew more fierce,
> Deepening from evening shades to mid-night gloom
> Until Jerusalem in heaps was strew'd
> And a dead nation cold around her lay.

Even Dr. Miller's strength and resolution, however, were tested to their uttermost in his great task of building up the College and in an earlier poem called 'The Siren song' he reveals that he sometimes felt the temptation of retiring to his peaceful home in Scotland :—

> How often will the fancy rise
> That 'twere far a better fate
> To resign this fever'd being
> With aspirings vainly high
> For some less ambitious state.

He longs for rest and peace : 'For sunny meadows and long wood-land glades' but he shakes off his dream bravely and cries :—

> My path lies still on yonder plain,
> Red with battle and heap'd with slain ;
> For the City of Truth beyond I see
> Though armies of foes in my front there be.

Almost as an answer to this I found a poem by 'J.L.' in the 1898 volume.

It is an answer that Dr. Miller would have understood for his life was one of sacrifice and devotion :—

But when I passed into the open strife
Saw sin and pain, the work there was to do
I knew that Truth, though great and ever dear,
Is less than Love ; that *getting* is not Life
But *giving*. . . . . .

The poems of 'B.R.W.' begin to appear about the turn of the century. His 'Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life' which I found in the 1893 volume reminds me of the poems of Noyes in its celebration of the discoveries of science. The almost ecstatic joy in the power which scientific invention had given Man, so characteristic of the period, is present. It is mingled however with a graver tone, the realization of Man's own feebleness in comparison to the great worlds that his instruments have discovered.

Then as I listened again in a rapturous ecstasy dreaming,
Seemed there to come from the star-light above me a wonderful sound
Rolling in richness and fullness of splendour, its harmony seeming
(Even as I heard) my soul to entrance and raise from the ground.
Down from the starlight that melody rippled and it lingers
Still like the music of harp notes that never can fade.

The singing stars tell him of the words of the psalmist :—

What is man, feeble man that thou hearest the voice of his crying ?
What is this weak son of man that thou lookest upon him in love ?

There must be a great destiny ahead for Man, he feels, if the Creator can take such loving care of him. A great sickness however which brings him to 'the portals of death' makes him realize that Man is too weak to attain what he had before believed possible : —

Life ever-growing, expanding in increase of knowledge and power,
Infinite space the arena and infinite knowledge the goal.

He is sad at heart, but again he hears the stars singing and they tell him that better than unbounded knowledge is humility of spirit. They bid him also, not to fret at his own weakness but to draw upon the eternal strength of God and battle his way on manfully through the darkness. Knowledge is won in the battle but he must always remember that beside the 'Tree of Knowledge' there grows the 'Tree of Life' which is the strength and comfort of God.

In the 1897–1898 volume I came across three lovely sonnets by 'R.M.' in memory of 'J.F.G.' All my endeavours to interpret these initials proved futile, but the sonnets themselves remain as the evidence of a tender and poignant friendship. Space prevents me from quoting more than one.

When some tall galley for the Indies bound
With freight of silk and sandal in her womb,
Flying full-sail without portent of doom
Crashes upon a reef no chart has found;
Surf-buffeted the pale crew heap the ground
With shining salvage from the Orient loom,
'So much is ours', they mutter and the gloom
Lifts and their grief with sombre joy is crown'd.

Since dear my friend you struck on that dim isle,
My heart has learned the eager wreckers trade.
Grateful to find; so much to lose dismay'd
Of worthy deed and speech untouched of guile.
Poor with such flotsam I can never be
While memory lives, thou art not dead to me.

The next poet to come into prominence is A. Madhavia, an old student of Christian College, a volume of whose poems can be found in the library with an introduction by Professor J. H. Russel. He has a fine mastery of rhythm and a vigour of metaphor and simile which deserves a wider reading public than it has at present. It seems a pity that there was no student magazine in those days, for the poetry must have been of a high standard if we are to judge from these poems.

In Madhavia also will be found that desire to escape from the tumult of life which is found in the poems of Dr. Miller, but his land-scape is different, he would go to

The Eternal hills and dales and stars
And peacock haunted sylvan streams.

His trust in God is also oriental and fatalistic.

He that made
Will surely steer through sun and shade
His world aright. Should he forsake
I too will go
Link'd with my brothers in weal and woe.

He is perhaps at his best when he uses the dramatic monologue as his medium, especially when he represents women. His out-burst against the lot that Hindu widows are condemned to by society in the monodrama 'Neela' is full of that restlessness which Professor Russel says he finds in his verse—the restlessness of a new India, casting off her ancient shackles.

They'll shave my curls away
And strip my jewels off
And reave my broidered silks . . . .
Ah God is so unjust!
My curse upon that God
And Man and Woman too
My curse upon them all!

At times he achieves a passionate colour and vividness which is rather like that of Browning. The following simile from a later poem of his in a similar form well illustrates this

The lips apart
Disclose a smile that's lurking underneath
Which like the crimson on a murderer's hand
Bemocks the contrite heart.

From about 1900 to 1914 the poems of two poets, Venkatasubba Aiyar and T. Ramakrishna begin to appear in the magazine with increasing regularity, especially those of the latter. They do not have the fine vigour of their predecessor but there can be found in them a certain grave music and dignity

of thought. Venkatasubba Aiyar's 'Sick Child' is a fine example of his severe and lofty style. I quote the first half :—

Sweet child of Nature, little didst thou know
What dangers had beset thy infant life
Or with what anxious eyes we watched the strife
Twixt Life and Death. Nor yet how deep our woe
That in a month more havoc can be wrought
Than e'en the wildest of our dreams has brought.

T. Ramakrishna's 'East and West' has a fine spirit of internationalism. He believes that the East and the West are in essence the same and that the God who gave the rose its hue gave also 'the odour to the Lily of the East'; but his Coronation Ode to George V breathes an atmosphere of loyalty to the 'King Emperor' that it would be difficult to discover in India today. The poem is, nevertheless, extremely beautiful:—

The lotus on the pool
Soon, rising to her needs the surface seeks,
The stalks throw wide their ever-lengthening arms
To reach the waters distant edge and spread
Their mantle rich of green and give their flowers
In myriads blooming like a garden fair.

From 1914 to 1927, as I have said before, the pages of the Christian College magazine are almost bare of poetry. There is however a brief flowering just after the Great War in poems celebrating the Peace. I quote the 'End of War' by A. W. B. Morren.

The darksome night of war is past
Peace brings the dawn of brighter days
And prayer of ancient hearts gives place
To songs of thankfulness and praise.
We will not idly weep for them
Who nobly died that we might live
In vain these men have shed their blood
If tears are all we have to give.

It is our duty (and here again 'the struggle for world betterment' becomes apparent)

To make the world a better place
To prove by every word and deed
That Justice, Mercy, Truth and Love
Are better far than Hate and Greed.

Perhaps the reason why there was so little poetry in the magazine during this period is because it had become a highly specialized and learned periodical in quarterly issues; but, whatever it may have been, I found the re-appearance of poetry in 1927 very welcome. It is rather awkward for one who sets out to write on poetry from 1883–1934, to find that there is no poetry from 1914–1934! I felt like a traveller across a desert who had chanced upon a spring. It was not, I admit, a very cheering spring at first

I'm wrapt in endless gloom,
Black shadows me entomb,
Weird spectres round me loom,

is not *quite* the thing to welcome a traveller with; but the next poem of Bhaskaran in the 1928 issue amply rewarded me:—

In the diamond still of nights,
Sits a weaver, weaving lonely,
Weaving threads of silver lights
O'er the trancéd earth and only
Ceasing when the dawn alights
And flaps her gray wings o'er the seas
And fans the flame of mohur trees.

The weavers' shuttles are

The stars that flare
And flash across the boundless space

and he weaves all things that are

Veil'd behind the cosmic changes,
Weaver of Eternity,
Hid behind the cosmic ranges
Of the mind, we worship thee
Though this mortal flesh estranges
We who are thy part
From these that are thy art;
We feel thy breath pulsate the veil
We see thy glorious art prevail
In leaf and wave and orb.
O, show us how to cross the pale
Of Time and hear thy shuttles roar
In rhythmic accents evermore.

The student poetry of 1927–34 shows the influence of Tagore* to some extent but there is a blending of English mystical thought as well in much of the verse. The following verse from another poem of Bhaskaran's reveals the influence of Blake:

That tiny creeper shy
That twines round paddy plants
With blooms of violet dye
Has something in its silk profound
To cast a sage in trance.
Each speck of glittering dust
That swarms as sun-beams blow
Claims kinship with—I trust
The fiery sun whose glow
Is lesser than this dust to us
In Eternity's flow.

Another aspect of mysticism is expressed by V. Ramaswami in this lovely poem with its surprising denouement:

'Youth why look you so?' she said and laughed,
Her bosom rose and fell while so she laughed
As the sea does when the full moon shines above.
'O fair unknown, thy melody melts my heart,
Thy beauty blazing burns my dried up soul.

I love thee more than words can say' I said,
But still she laughed and spake no words.
I thought she loved me too. 'Will you be mine?'
I spake again, her silence adding strength.
'No, youth, not now; the time and place will come.'
'And when! O where! my love!' She raised her head,
'Beyond the grave when life has left thy limbs'
Was all her grave reply. 'But who art thou?'
'My name is Peace, my parents Truth and Love.'

Modern movements in poetry also make their appearance with M. S. Menon's impressionistic poem 'Waves'—

Waves
Of hollow moon-drops,
Grunting, scuffling, like walruses coughing,
Crash on the age-stain'd ivory of the sand.
Milk-white, frothy, shaggy
Sprawling on the faint brown of the sand—
Fluttering heavily along the shore,
Those glistening ribbons of silver.

Finally, when the magazine was wholly thrown open to the students and lost to a great extent its highly learned character, humorous poetry makes a welcome entry upon its pages with a witty verse epistle from the Rev. L. A. Poore and a poem on 'Volley-ball' by 'R.S.N.'

I cannot play the volley-ball, I know,
And I get worse at it the more I try.
The ball is heavy and the net too high
It seems so easy, whacking it to and fro,
Yet Mr. Abraham will not say why
I cannot play at volley-ball; I know
That I get worse at it the more I try,
I strike the leather with a mighty blow
'Out-side' with gleeful shout the others cry.
My wrist is red, my fingers ache, I sigh
I cannot play at volley-ball I know
And I get worse at it the more I try.

It is time now to make an end. I have in my hasty review omitted many fine poems, but even the student editor of a magazine must have some consideration for the space in which he is permitted to bore his readers. I can only bid those who wish to know more of Christian College poetry to encounter bravely those formidable volumes in our library. They will not retire unrewarded.

MY MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By N. Sriram, *4 Hons., Br. vii*

The door of my room creaked and I waited with suspended breath wondering who it was that would call on me at so late an hour.

Whom did I see enter, but the immortal Shakespeare himself? There was no mistaking that lofty forehead, that slight moustache, that pointed beard and that *jangiri*-like collar.

With great deference, with my knees tottering and my lips nervously twitching, I offered him a seat. No sooner had he sat down than his eyes fell upon an edition of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream'. He gazed at it for a minute or two and then said, 'How familiar that sounds to me! I myself once wrote a play of that name.'

'Er . . . er . . . Yes, Mr. Shakespeare—er . . . it is the very same play of yours . . .'

'Indeed? Is it so? My play handed down to posterity? Really?'

'So it is, Mr. Shakespeare,' I replied. 'I must compliment you on such fine workmanship. Many a generation of students has been infinitely delighted by your immortal plays.'

His face brightened up in pleasurable surprise and he picked up the copy and turned over a few leaves. 'Whatever language is that?' said he. 'Is it Greek or Hebrew?'

'No, no, Mr. Shakespeare,' I put in. 'It is English. I shall read out a few lines to you.' Here I read out a few lines.

'So it is indeed!' he said. 'How the printing has changed since my days!' He glanced through a few pages and the lines

> 'The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary'

met his eyes because I had underlined, side-lined and asterisked them.

'What can those markings mean?' he asked me. I told him at length about annotations and allusions and said that there were at least three references here.

'Pray, what are they?'

'First, these lines allude to Marlowe who, as you know . . .'

'Marlowe!' he burst out. 'How absurd! Was he not my literary godfather? Moreover he died in a drunken brawl and not in poverty.'

'That is only a guess, Mr. Shakespeare,' I awkwardly apologised. 'Of course you might have referred to Greene. You know his reference to "Shakescene" . . .'

'Fantastic rot!' Shakespeare yelled out thumping the table with his fist to add emphasis. 'Did not the publisher apologise for it? I am not the one to return raillery for raillery. Greene, poor Greene! He died a miserable man! He deserved pity not contempt.'

'Probably you had an allusion to Kyd who . . .'

'Hang it all!' he screamed banging the floor with his left foot and thumping the table simultaneously with his right fist. 'You fellows seem to have some illusions about allusions! I never meant any one at all!'

He furiously turned over page after page till at last he calmed down and his face attained once more that benign expression and bewitching smile. 'And what can this mean?' he asked me pointing to a few lines which I had underlined. In the margin I had entered 'magic'.

'I mean to say there is magic in these lines,' I explained.

'Magic!' he exclaimed in surprise. 'Bless me if I had practised any such thing! I would have been burnt at the stake!'

'Oh no! Mr. Shakespeare; what I mean to say is that this is a very fine piece of poetry and has a profound and thrilling effect upon our feelings. Hence I say it has a magical effect.'

'Oh! But I myself see in it neither magic nor necromancy.' He closed the book and opened it at random. Here again red-pencil marks met his eye. The lines so distinguished were:

'Approach, ye furies fell!
O Fates! Come, come,
Cut thread and thrum
Quail, rush, conclude and quell'

In the margin I had entered 'Allit. Pdy.'

'Now what do these glosses mean?'

'I mean to say that there is alliteration in these lines. They are also written in parody of . . .'

'Abject nonsense!' he disclaimed employing, as usual, his foot and fist to add emphasis 'whatever should I do that for? Do you fellows not have the brains to see the comical effect? Are you gone crazy?'

He turned over the leaves backwards and forwards and everywhere it was full of red, blue, black underlining, side-lining,—with all kinds of words written in—between the lines—words and phrases like 'Learn B.H.', 'Internal evidence'; 'Four syllables'; 'Three emendations' and so on, so familiar to students.

He suddenly got up, threw aside the book, and made his exit muttering, 'It makes my head reel! They make me greater than I ever was! I will go crazy!'

* * * * *

When I opened my diary the next morning in order to enter the interesting dream into it, I was surprised to find that the previous day was 24th June—midsummer day! I had indeed had a midsummer-night's dream. Just before going to sleep I had placed a copy of the play under the pillow. By the way will anyone tell me when Twelfth Night is? I must see if the charm will work again.

IN BOMBED LONDON

BY R. P. SANTWAN, *3 Hons., Br. vii*

It was in 1935 that I first saw the famous white cliffs of Dover towering majestically above the shingly beach. I boarded the train and passed through the smiling fields of 'England's green and pleasant land'. Here a cow chewing the cud, there a farmer raking in the hay—solid, peaceful, dignified England.

All this has been shattered by Hitler's insensate megalomania. In 1938 the first rumblings of war were heard, and by the time of the Munich Crisis in September everyone knew that it could not be postponed much longer. Feverish preparations took place, sandbags sprouted from every street and corner, trenches were dug and shelters erected all over the country. When war was declared on September 3, 1939, England was more or less ready for the fateful struggle.

For a year, one could hardly believe that a major war was being fought. The Londoners firmly believed that their defence arrangements—the balloon barrages and anti-aircraft guns—would not allow the Germans to approach anywhere near their city. They were to be sadly disillusioned. By September 1940, France had been beaten and England left alone to fight for democracy. Now Hitler unleashed the full force of his dreaded *Luftwaffe* on London and boasted that he would raze the city to the ground in a short time. He too was to be disillusioned!

One of the first of the many pitiful scenes I saw was the sight of queues of men, women and children outside the public shelters. The night raiders were very punctual; by 7 o'clock the roaring of their engines could be heard, and by 6 o'clock, there would be a long queue of poor people with their gasmasks, ragged and torn bedclothes and their few (if any) valuables. The need for shelters became so pressing that people invaded the Underground Train Stations and demanded to be allowed to sleep there at night. These stations are built very deep underground and are made of solid concrete and are about the strongest shelters in London.

Hitler's 'blitz' was a colossal undertaking. For the first few months, there was no rest for anyone. The civil population were, at last, in the front line. Sirens were sounded day and night, anti-aircraft guns boomed and bombs fell, but as time went on, people became inured and took these things as a matter of course. Many times I have stood in my doorway and seen dog-fights in the air. It is both thrilling and fascinating to watch, hawks manoeuvring carefully for a good position, then suddenly a burst of machine-guns and the damaged plane falls through space like a plummet, with smoke pouring from its tail. The constant fear of the watchers is that the plane might crash on their house. Recently in Edmonton, a plane crashed on a house killing several of the people inside.

Another danger is the shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns. On firing, the shell bursts in the air and comes down to earth as small jagged pieces of

steel, as effective and dangerous as bullets. This is why all policemen and wardens put on their tin helmets when the warning is given. Now that war, in all its aspects, had started, the Londoners began to feel the effects. Petrol rationing was introduced and a stricter blackout put into force. The black-out was so rigidly enforced that if so much as a small chink of light escaped from your window, a heavy fine or even jail would be the consequence. It was very difficult and dangerous to go about after dark, all motor-car head-lamps being dimmed and street lamps completely extinguished. Even torches were soon not available.

The German blockade soon caused a shortage of food. Meat was cut down to minute proportions, eggs were very dear and onions non-existent. Cigarettes and beer were hard to obtain and, in short, luxuries were cut down to the minimum. In spite of all these difficulties, the spirit of the English people, the spirit to win whatever the cost may be, never wavered. They showed me what courage, loyalty and fortitude really meant and I was grateful for the lesson.

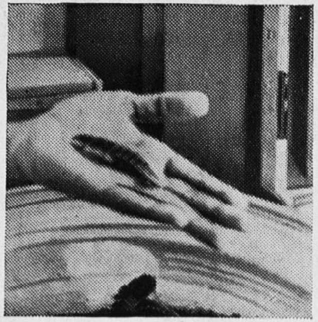
At this time, my father was Warden of the Indian Students' Union and Hostel in Gower Street, a branch of the Y.M.C.A. We built our own shelter and our residents usually slept there. At about 6 a.m. on the 23rd September 1940, I heard a long drawn-out shriek and then a tremendous explosion which made the whole room sway. This was followed a few seconds later by a second bomb. My feelings were strange on this occasion. I felt a sense of unreality at the drama going on around me and I felt as if I was a spectator not one of the actors. I could not believe that our house had been hit. But the second bomb shook me out of my lethargic stupor and I thought my end was near. Then I realised that we were all safe and that the shelter had stood up to the shock. I looked around and saw that no one was hurt although we were all covered with dust and the room filled with cordite fumes.

As soon as we could, we ran upstairs to see if the six students, who had been sleeping in the lounge, were hurt. The A.R.P. rescue party were already at work and had extricated five within a couple of hours. But it took them nearly ten hours to locate and remove the debris which was covering the dead body of the sixth student. This was the first time that I had seen a dead man's face, and the shattered and smashed-to-pulp face of this student haunted me long afterwards.

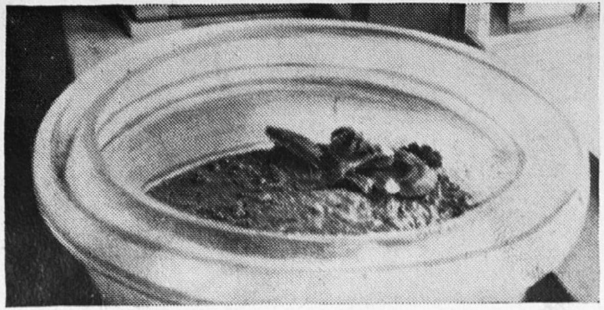
One thing must be mentioned here and that is the skill, quickness and efficiency which the Civil Defence Services have shown in the midst of exploding bombs and falling masonry. Some deeds, such as the removal of the time-bomb at St. Paul's became public and the rescue party were awarded the honours they deserved. But there are many more deeds, just as heroic, which do not reach the ears of the public, and for these people 'the unsung heroes of London' I truly feel a great admiration and respect.

Before I left London for Glasgow, I had a short look at what the raiders had done to London. I first went to Oxford Street, famous throughout the world as the centre of shopping in London. This street boasted of the famous shops of Selfridge, Bourne and Hollingsworth, Woolworth, D. H. Evans, Peter Robinson and many more, but when I saw them, they had

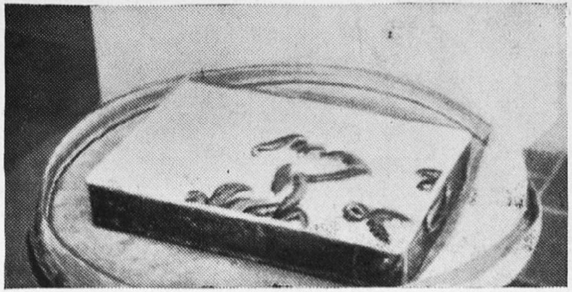
THE GLOW-WORM OF TAMBARAM



THE GLOW-WORM



AFTER A MEAL



UNDER OBSERVATION

[*Photos by A. S. Monie*]

THE GIANT GLOW-WORM OF TAMBARAM

The giant glow-worm, scientifically called *Lamprophorus tenebrosus,* is perhaps one of the commonest insects in Tambaram. They are purely nocturnal creatures creeping about the bushes, gutters and grass-grown foot paths in search of snails. At night they are seen busily crawling along, emitting their brilliant glow amid blades of grass, bushes and stones. The natural haunt of these glow-worms is thick bushes, where they make burrows and live during the day, but they come out usually on rainy nights in search of snails, which by that time have finished their summer sleep and creep around feeding on grass. With sun-rise they all walk back to hide themselves inside the bush.

The glow-worms are quite harmless creatures and they can be handled freely. But if you allow a glow-worm to crawl over your arm, you will feel a sort of succession of pricks owing to its large claws forcing down your skin. Glow-worms collected from several localities in Tambaram were brought and kept in big glass troughs over moist earth. They were supplied with snails. They flourished very well in captivity. Snails were collected from all around Tambaram as well. On hot sunny days the snails climb up trees and aestivate. In those days it was very difficult to get them in numbers. To overcome this difficulty hundreds of snails were collected on rainy mornings and a regular colony of snails was established by the side of the glow-worm troughs.

The glow-worms are really the young ones or the larvae of a kind of beetle belonging to the family *Lampyridae.* In this particular form, the female is just like a larva having no wings, while the males are smaller in size and winged. The glow-worms are long and flattened with the body protected with rows of chitinous plates. The biggest larva met with till now had a length of 90 mm. and its greatest breadth was 25 mm. The twelve dorsal plates spread one behind the other are highly characteristic. The head at rest is telescoped beneath the front plate. The head bears a pair of highly retractile feelers. Just touch the tip of the feeler by means of a needle. The whole feeler goes in. At the base of each feeler is a small eye. The jaws are sharply pointed and suctorial. The last 2 segments of the body need special mention as they accommodate two important organs highly characteristic of the glow-worm. The penultimate segment bears the light emitting organ or the *photogenic organ,* and the last one a peculiar structure called an *anal brush.*

The photogenic organ is a pair of oval areas one on either side of the penultimate segment. Each oval area is composed of an external transparent cuticle and an internal sheet of fat penetrated profusely by tracheal tubes. The luminosity is caused by the oxidation of a secretion secreted in the fatty cells of the inner layer. The bright greenish white light of the glow-worm

has been known for centuries, but the exact object of this light is still a matter of very great uncertainty. It is interesting to note that there is no glow during the day when the animal sleeps. But if you prick it or irritate it by hammering it with a mounted needle the photogenic organ glows and fades off slowly with the cessation of the stimulus. It is usually said that the luminosity is useful for sexual attraction. In other words it is intended to guide the male to the female. This idea is clearly expressed in the following lines from Gilbert White:—

> 'The chilling night-dew falls—away, retire ;
> For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire !
> Thus, ere night's veil had half obscured the sky,
> The impatient damsel hangs her lamp on high:
> True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
> Leander hastened to his Hero's bed.'

It cannot of course be said that the light of the female may not act as a guide to her mate, because the glow of the female is several times brighter than that of the male. But the fact that the sexually immature larvae and even the eggs are luminescent is rather perplexing. The luminosity may serve at times as a means of defence: in other words as a warning signal to bats and nocturnal birds. It may also help in attracting its prey. But I am inclined to think along with Rev. J. G. Wood, that this singular development of light was given to it as a mere ornament.

The anal brush is a very important and peculiar organ of the glow-worm. It is very conspicuous even in the newly hatched young ones. It is unknown in the male. It serves two important functions namely for creeping purposes and for cleaning the body after a meal, during a fight, or in burrow making. The males neither creep nor eat and so they need no cleaning apparatus. This explains clearly the absence of the brush in the male. The brush is located in the neighbourhood of the anus. It can be easily protruded out of the anus and retracted in. By constant protrusion and retraction the brush works as an efficient cleaner. The cleaning mechanism that we see in the glow-worm is something miraculous, and is one of Nature's secrets! The processes that make up the brush are all bathed in a milky white fluid, which serves as a gum to which all dirt particles stick together. When the brush is spread over a portion of the body the dirt in that region clings to the brush. Now the brush is retracted into the anus and the dirt is deposited at the tip of the brush. It is again protruded against a fresh region posterior to the previous one. Retraction follows. This retraction and protrusion take place along one line. At the close of the first cleaning line the brush is forcibly withdrawn into the anus and the whole dirt collected during the cleaning process is deposited on the ground. Thus the anal brush can clean every segment except the segment bearing the brush. When one line has been cleaned, it comes back to the head and starts another line. This goes on until the whole body is cleaned. The brush is also useful in locomotion. In the very young forms it serves as a sucker, by means of which they make looping movements like that of an earth-measurer. In the grown up forms also the brush serves to enable them to hold on to the ground during creeping.

The feeding habits of the glow-worm are very interesting. They feed on snails. In fact they usually haunt those localities where snails are obtainable in plenty. This is the case even with the tiny little new born glow worms. The snails are in most cases chased and sucked dry until the shell alone is left. The attack is sudden. But the feeding process is very slow. The glow-worm approaches the snail which is just protruding its head and tentacles out of the shell. The retractile tentacles are darted out and the head is brought out and the outspread mandibles are thrust into the flesh of the snail. The glow-worm usually stabs the snail by means of the claw of the foreleg. In some cases stabbing takes place before the penetration of the mandibles. The snail at once withdraws into the shell. When the body is drawn in, the glow-worm is also dragged into the shell. All of a sudden there is an emission of white slimy foam from the pulmonary chamber of the snail. This covers the major portion of the glow-worm. The emission of foam is perhaps the only defensive measure on the part of the snail. The glow-worm still goes on sucking. But sometimes in cases where there is an over production of slime the glow-worm comes out all of a sudden, waves the legs, cleans the way and then goes in. After this nothing remarkable happens. The sucking goes on slowly for hours together. The grown up larvae usually take a whole night to finish a large snail (*Ariophanta*). But the exact duration is variable. This depends upon the size of the glow-worm, the size of the snail and on the fact whether the glow-worm was starving or fully fed at the time of the attack. The body of a fully fed grub is highly distended. It automatically turns upside down, and lies in that posture for hours together. Then all of a sudden it wakes up from its after-dinner slumber and busily cleans its body by the anal brush. As the body is distended it finds it very difficult to coil itself. So after finishing one line of cleaning it stops for a moment, stretches itself and begins the second line after a short interval. There were cases where the animal forgot to clean itself for days together, simply because of overfeeding.

It is interesting to note here that sometimes two or even three glow-worms attack a single snail. One night at about 10 o'clock a bright glow was noticed inside a bush a few yards from the Principal's bungalow. We managed to creep into the thorny bush and discovered that it was really two glows. One glow-worm had already owned the shell by creeping over and thrusting the head inside the shell, while another was stabbing the other and elbowing its way into the shell. It was a regular fight. By means of the strong claw the soft pleural membrane was actually stabbed. Still sucking was going on, although the hind portion of the body rose up perhaps because of pain. Both were brought to the laboratory and separated. In all the fights with the snails almost always the glow-worm is the winner. In this connection must be recorded a stirring fight between a glow-worm and a snail. The attack began at 8 a.m. Both were fairly large sized. The stabbing over, foam was emitted. But the snail managed to creep over the body of the glow-worm. All the while the glow-worm had its grasp on the foot of the snail. The foot was partly pierced and torn. But the snail wouldn't allow its head to be attacked. They rolled over each other and the poor glow-worm got a muddy coat. It wriggled about and actually left the snail. It was seen

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

BY R. CHAKRAVARTI, *Class IV, B.Sc., Gr. iv-a.*

Recent geological evidence, based on considerations of radioactive elements in the crust of the earth, suggests that the earth on which we live is between 2,000 and 3,000 million years old. It is supposed to have formed part of the sun at first, as hot and burning as the sun itself. Somehow this piece got chipped off from the sun and flew into space, there undergoing the influence of other heavenly bodies, to settle down as the earth. It began to cool and for many millions of years after it became a separate body life was quite impossible on it. How the first spark of life came into the world, in the form of an organism—much simpler than the amoeba—from which all higher plants and animals are supposed to have been evolved, is a matter of pure speculation. Several theories on this point have been advanced. Some of them are reasonable, others are extravagant. All of them however are of interest.

At one time, many scientists, led by Lord Kelvin, believed that life came to the earth from some other part of the universe, borne by meteorites. Many scientists even today hold this view. This view, however, merely shifts the question and does not answer it; for then would naturally arise the question 'How did life originate on the meteorite or on the heavenly body of which the meteorite formed a part?'

The question of *spontaneous generation*,—development of life from inanimate sources—has a long history behind it, and it is best to consider the history of the problem in three parts:

First period: (325 B.C.—A.D. 1668). During this period the theory of spontaneous generation was universally accepted. Just as in some parts of Tamilnad there is a belief that toads arise spontaneously in the hollow interior of a rock, and leeches under wet logs of wood, people in those days believed that frogs and toads and other animals arose from mud under the influence of the sun's rays. Rats were supposed to come from the river Nile; and Milton sang:

> 'The grassy clods now calved; now half appears
> The tawny lion pawing to get free
> Its hinder legs—then springs as broke from bonds
> And rampant shakes its brindled mane.'

It was the fashion of the day to believe in this theory and Sir Thomas Browne's doubt in the seventeenth century as to whether rats may arise out of mud, provoked Alexander Ross to fling this bitter comment at him: 'To question this, is to question reason, sense and experience'. Even Aristotle, the father of biology, believed in the spontaneous generation of *invertebrate animals.*

Second period: (1668–1837). The belief in spontaneous generation was put to an experimental test by Redi. He showed that if meat was carefully protected from intruding insects as by keeping it under a wire gauze,

no maggots developed from the meat. So he concluded that the maggot developed from the insect's egg and not from the meat. This is a simple experiment, but, who cared to do it before? Redi even suggested the probability of the supposed production of life from dead matter being due to the intrusion of living germs from without.

In 1687, Leeuwenhoek discovered the bacteria--those minute organisms that control the destiny of mankind. By this time the belief in the spontaneous generation of visible forms had been abandoned. Nevertheless doubts were entertained as to the origin of microscopic organisms. It was asserted that here were to be found the beginnings of life--the place where inorganic material was transformed into microscopic beings.

Needham in 1750 showed that even if decoctions capable of putrefying, were well boiled and sealed up, little microbes appeared in them. His theory, however,—that spontaneous generation was the 'law of nature'—was frustrated by Spallanzani (1729–1779), who pointed out that Needham's method of sealing was too imperfect to give any satisfactory results. He proved that if decoctions were well boiled and hermetically closed up no trace of life appeared.

In 1774, Priestley discovered oxygen and it was found that oxygen was essential for life. Chemists protested that the boiling process had destroyed the life-supporting property of oxygen. Schroeder and Dusch in 1859 showed that by suitable methods of sterilization, as by plugging the neck of the flask—in which the boiled decoction was kept—with cotton wool, the germs could be kept back.

Third period: (1837—modern times). In 1859, Pouchet claimed that he had discovered spontaneous generation of life in hay infusions, which were supplied with artificial air--in which germs could not exist. This provoked Pasteur who in 1860, before a large audience exposed the weak points in Pouchet's experiments. He demonstrated that living germs were carried with floating particles in the atmosphere and that these were responsible for putrefaction and fermentation. He showed that if air was free from dust particles—as on the top of a mountain—no germs would develop. To prove his case further he took some round flasks, put yeast soup into them, softened their necks, and drew them into half a dozen fantastic shapes—for example like the neck of a swan bending down to pick up something. He boiled the soup very well—that drove out all the air—and as the flasks cooled down fresh air came in. The dust particles—and hence germs—in it were kept back in the moist bends of the neck. The liquids in the flasks did not putrefy. Next, he took one of these flasks, and shook the contents so that the liquid spread over the swan's neck part of it. Next day millions of living things appeared in it.

It was however, John Tyndall, the famous physicist of London who proved beyond any shadow of doubt that spontaneous generation was a chimera. He was experimenting on 'optically pure air', that is, air absolutely free from dust. He tried the effect of this air on substances capable of putrefying, in a remarkable way. He devised a box, having in front a large glass window, and at the sides two small glass windows opposite each other. At the back there was an air-tight trap-door. Through the bottom he fixed

some test-tubes with air-tight connections. On the top he introduced some coiled tubes open at both ends to allow passage of air in and out. In the middle of the top there was a circular piece of rubber diaphragm and a pinhole was bored through this. The elasticity of the rubber would close the hole, but the hole would also allow the stem of a thistle funnel through it. The interior of the box was painted with a sticky substance. The box was kept in a dark room for a day. All the dust particles in the air inside the box settled on the sticky substance and got stuck up; and the air became absolutely free from dust. This Tyndall proved by sending a powerful beam of light, through the windows at the sides: that part of the ray of light inside the box was invisible (as a rule a ray of light in a dark room is visible only when there are dust particles in the air). Then with the help of the thistle funnel, he introduced decoctions capable of putrefaction into the test-tubes (which, it should be noted, were not corked). Now he lifted the box and immersed the bottom of the test-tubes in boiling oil, the purpose of this being to kill all germs already present in the decoctions. The decoctions were allowed to stay indefinitely. Not even one of them putrefied! The critics of Tyndall protested that by boiling the decoctions, he had so altered their composition that they were no longer able to support life: Tyndall's silent answer was to open the trap-door of the box and thus allow ordinary air to enter the box. In a day all the decoctions turned turbid and began to putrefy.

Protoplasm, of which all living things are made up and which, according to Huxley, is the 'physical basis of life', is made up of complex crystalloids and colloids—like proteins, carbohydrates, and amino-acids. It is now possible to synthesize many of these in the laboratory. There is no doubt that these are capable of synthesis in nature too. This is *probably* what took place when conditions on the globe were far different from what they are today, these various substances present in the sea, united in a mysterious way, to form the complex crystalloids and colloids—to form *protoplasm*, and thus life originated. This view is supported by many modern biologists.

Concluding as we began, the origin of life is still a mystery. Whether the beginnings of life came through space from other parts of the universe on meteoric wings, or whether it was spontaneously generated from lifeless matter nobody can say. Be that as it may, the problem has been of very great practical importance. It has given us the 'germ-theory' and has made preservation of food and antiseptic surgery possible.

Russia. On both these journeys, and on many others inside India, shorter but no less enterprising, his wife accompanied him. Through the last twelve years she was his constant companion and helper in all his work. It was during this period that his name as a botanist was established not only in India but in Europe and the U.S.A. While helping to organise and sharing in all his botanical expeditions, she herself became an expert student of Indian bird life.

On 28th March 1932 the building of the first house was begun on the college site at Tambaram; surely it will always be known as 'Barnes's Bungalow'. On return from furlough Mr. and Mrs. Barnes went into residence at Tambaram, several years before the amenities of electricity reached it and five years before the general exodus from George Town. It would be difficult to over-estimate the benefit which the College derived from their presence on the site during those years. The unspoiled natural beauty of the estate, the avenues and well-shaded quadrangles, are witness to one part of their service.

Barnes's contribution to the College was pre-eminently that of a scientist who held and lived in the light of a Christian faith in the spiritual nature of ultimate reality. He was not given to speak much of religious things; but though he did not preach Christ he commended Him. Many of those whose studies brought them into personal touch with him were deeply influenced by the silent witness of one whose work and the spirit in which it was done, and whose whole manner of life, spoke more persuasively than words.

THE BEAT

By E. R. C. David, *Class IV, Gr. 4-b.*

Stalking, sitting up over kills and near game paths, and beating are some of the various methods adopted by sportsmen to bring the game to bag. A patch of jungle where game is marked down is beat with the help of beaters; sportsmen with guns take up their position opposite to the line of the beaters' approach and shoot at the marked game if it goes past them.

The chances of success in employing this method are very few, yet beating is more successful than any other method. The sportsman's post should be well concealed, well elevated to enable him to have a wider and better view, on the leeward side, and in the place where the game is most likely to break out of cover. When expecting dangerous game it is not advisable for the sportsman to take his stand on the ground. The denizens of the wild are endowed with sharp eyesight and acute sense of hearing. They will easily detect an ill-camouflaged machan (shooting platform erected on tree or rock) or make out even the slightest noise proceeding therefrom and will not show themselves up in that beat. In places where the jungle is very thick the hunters' post should be well elevated to widen his range of vision. Unable to find an elevated place in a sambur beat I once squatted on the ground and saw only the ivory tips of a magnificent pair of antlers possessed by a sambur; before I could get up (to have a clearer view) the animal dashed back into the forest it emerged from. The direction of the wind must be carefully observed and the sportsman should always try to be on the leeward side, i.e., the wind must be blowing from the quarry towards the sportsman. The scent of man is detested in the jungle; it is capable of driving away even the notorious cattle-lifting tiger from its regular path. The direction of the wind can easily be determined by throwing up dead leaves, which the wind will drive along. When game in a patch of jungle are driven out, they slink off through under-growth and very rarely follow paths. There are some places where the game is forced to leave cover, to cross open ground; if the sportsman takes his stand in such places he is sure to bag the desired game. There are not very many places which combine all these facilities; even if there is one, the hunter often fails to choose it and thus makes beating depend purely on the element of luck.

Sportsmen who are new to a forest are entirely in the hands of the professional shikaries, who select for the hunter a spot from which they must have seen an animal some years previously. The sportsman or amateur shikari chooses a place from where he would have bagged an animal after a hundred beats. I have personally experienced this. When new to a place my guide would select a traditional machan, where no game would ever pass except the one my guide happened to see, whereas when out shooting in well known parts I always clung to the machan from which I happened to shoot an illfated animal. From the above statement it is deduced that cultivation

of fondness for places and complete reliance on shikaries are not to be desired. Every hunter should avoid firing in the direction of the beaters and fellow-hunters. Many are the tragedies when once the hunter violates this law of the beat. In the case of dangerous animals the hunter must shoot to kill, and can risk his second and succeeding shots by firing in the direction the wounded animal took or else it will levy a heavy toll among the beaters. Sportsmen are not expected to shoot at small game like hare and jungle fowl when beating for big-game; by doing so they not only fail to attain their end but also lose the means, that is the beaters lose hope and will not do their bit in the next beat.

There is another important office in the beat, that of the stop. Sometimes there are more likely places for the game to get clear out of the beating area than the places covered by the hunters, so stops come into action. They take their place as hunters using only a stone, which they tap against a tree or a rock, when they hear animals approaching their place. The animal will at once change its course and proceed in a different direction, perhaps to the hunter's post itself. If a stop loses his head at the approach of dangerous game and tries to scare it away, it will either charge home or disappear into the thicket without giving the sportsman a chance. 'Silver Hackle' in his book *Indian Jungle Lore and the Rifle* suggests that big white papers can be substituted for men as stops.

Last but not least is the part played by beaters. Their number can be varied according to the forest one intends to beat. Their minimum wage is three annas and the minimum number required is about 15. They are the men who deserve all the honours of the chase, instead of the sportsmen who shoot from above the danger zone. Well trained beaters beat in a V formation and crown the day with success instead of the green horns who beat in an arrow-head formation and spoil the beat. Able beaters drive forward the game which tries to break through. I recall a sambur running away without giving me a chance to fire at it. It was driven back towards me by the able beaters, whereupon I shot it. When beating hill slopes an advance party climbs the summit and rolls down stones; though this is an easy way of beating it is dangerous for the men in the valley. Beating always proceeds from lower regions to upper, but this is not possible in some places and there it proceeds from slopes into the valley. Dogs, if well trained, are great aids to beaters but not otherwise. Beats start with a ceremony and, if successful, end with the same, but unsuccessful beats start with one and end with none. Sometimes sacrifices in the form of kids or fowls are offered, but usually the ceremonies consist merely of bowing and performing obeisance. The beaters have strange superstitious practices such as reading a meaning in the hooting of owls, allowing no one to cross the slain beast, insisting upon cooking and eating the liver of edible animals on the spot and refusing to beat on certain days when they believe the local deity to be out hunting.

WHAT TO READ

One hears often of the American Negro and links him up with his African forebears. There is probably no race that is so mixed as his and so different from the original stock. The African Negro was captured by slave traders, transported in ships and sold in the American market like cattle. They thus began life as slaves in strange surroundings, cut off from their natural moorings and huddled together with stranger fellow-slaves who spoke different dialects. They adopted the language, dress and the religion of their masters whom they liked or disliked for the treatment given to them. The Negro slave built by his labour the prosperity of the South and by his loyalty guarded the homes of his masters, tending their sick and loving their children. He endured untold wrongs but always with a pathos which found—and still finds—expression in his music and in the humour of his people. It was in that situation that emancipation came to him as a gift from the North which fought the South on this issue.

The Negro when freed began life not even with a clean slate, for he had none. His was the very beginning with the uncertainty and dismay that the unknown future has in store.

There are few books which tell of his struggles after his emancipation in a touching simple manner as *Up from Slavery* by Booker Washington. Born as a slave on a plantation he tells the story of his life which is also the story of his race. While condemning slavery in no mistaken terms he cherishes no bitterness against the South which he regards as much a victim as the slaves to an unnatural system. His robust faith in the ultimate recognition of merit no matter where found is amply justified in his own case. As an educationist and social worker among his people he became famous and rose to unprecedented heights, but never once did success make him forget his mission which was to raise the status of the Negro by helping him to become a self-reliant, co-operating individual. In this he succeeded in no small measure.

The period of reconstruction was an exceptionally difficult one when one wrong step would have made all the difference between achievement and stagnation. From the beginning he advised his people 'to make friends in every straightforward manly way with their next door neighbour be he white or black and to consult the interest of their local communities'. His was a life of deep understanding and of co-operation with all forces that worked for good. His speeches and writings were singularly free from recriminations and he was ever ready to give credit no matter where it was due. He was the best link between the races.

His life work was the Normal School at Tuskegee. He held it wrong to educate out of sympathy with one's surroundings. 'He wanted to give them such an education as would fit a large proportion of them to return to the plantation districts and show the people how to put new energy and new ideas into family as well as into the intellectual, moral and religious life

of the people.' How well he succeeded is seen from the growth of the school and its influence on the public. He himself preferred a constructive occupation to a more ostentatious political career.

The School was started in a dilapidated shanty and hen house with one teacher and thirty pupils and no property. 'At the end of twenty-five years, it owned twenty-three hundred acres of land, seven hundred of which were under student cultivation, forty buildings—large and small—mostly built by student labour, the total value of the property being over half a million dollars.' In this period the strength grew from thirty to eleven hundred, drawn from different parts of the country. Its graduates were in great demand and wherever they had gone there had been definite improvement in the material and the moral condition of the Negro.

Such a record is unique and unique is also the way the American public supported and fostered the School. *Up from Slavery* records both.

S. S. GANDHEKER

SECOND MOVEMENT

BY J. F. STIRLING, *Class IV, Gr. 4-b.*

Relentless metronome that measures out
The weary aeons of Man's misery;
The plumbless deeps of pain and fear and doubt
That dip in darkness to infinity.

The music draws within its pulsing heart
The cry of vanquished Youth, the martyr's groan,
The surge and ebb of men in street and mart,
And always, soft as doom, the guns insistent tone.

But hark, hope stirs within the weary score;
The violins harshly break the chains of death and strife;
On wings of harmony the slow theme soars
Till all the splendid chords are shouting Life.

PORTUGAL IN JUNE

By Alfredo Froilano B. de Mello,

Class I, Gr. ii.

Throughout Portugal, June is celebrated by the people as the month of the saints, for in it, on the 13th, 24th and 29th respectively, occur the festivals of St. Anthony, St. John, and Sts. Peter and Paul, though the last named has failed to capture the imagination of the public. The Lisbon markets appear decorated; in the older and more picturesque wards of the city, such as Alfama and Madragoa, floral arches and ad hoc bandstands are erected and once the dancing frolics begin on the eve of St. Anthony, there is very little sleep for revellers or neighbours till the close of the month. And in the country, similar conditions prevail, though greater honour is paid to St. John than to Santo Antonio, who is primarily a Lisbon character.

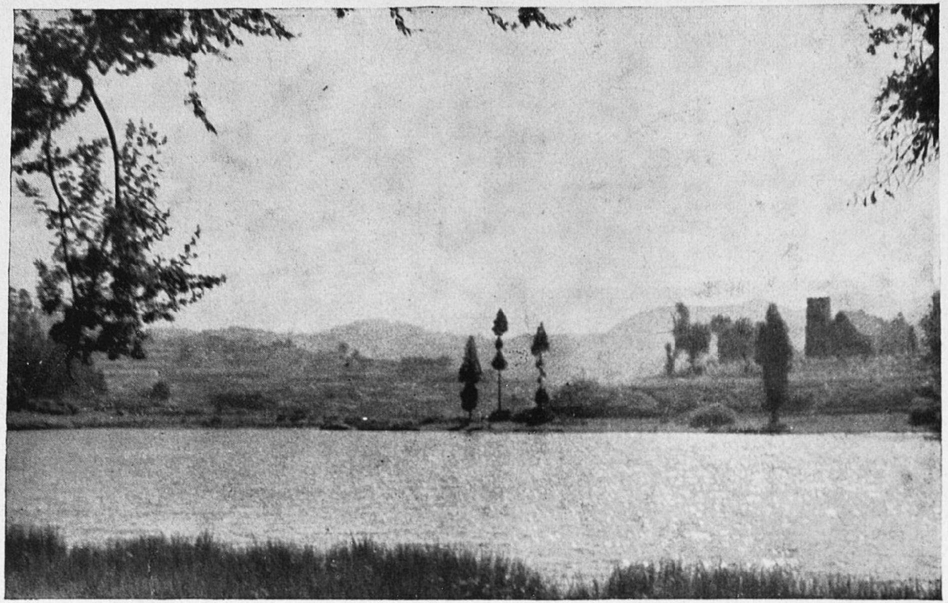
This St. Anthony, of course, has nothing to do with the solitary, who was sorely tempted in the desert and in late Flemish and Dutch canvasses. Fernando de Bulhoes was Lisbon born and bred, and on entering religion took the name of the hermit saint whom he was destined to outshine in the popular mind. Because most of his work was accomplished in Italy, in the enthusiastic dawn of the Franciscan revival, his name in the Universal Church is connected with Padua, where for long he preached and where he lies buried. But Portugal very properly calls him St. Anthony of Lisbon, and regards him as one of her most illustrious sons.

It is common knowledge that the cult of St. Anthony was so widespread that the Saint was attached to more than one Portuguese regiment with varying ranks. In some he was sergeant, in others (such as the 19th Foot of Cascaes) he rose to Lieutenant-Colonel, with full pay—which of course went to meet the expenses of his altar. In a little church in Lagos, in Algarve, his image may be seen wearing, as a badge of rank, a British officer's scarf of the Peninsular War.

Rodney Gallop in his *Portugal—A Book of Folk Ways* states :—

'It is hardly to be expected that the popular conception of the *santos populares* should bear any relation to the historical and biblical reality. One may seek in vain for a glimpse of the ascetic Baptist or the mystic Franciscan.' 'The people,' writes Luis d'Oliveira Guimaraes, 'know no half measures: either they treat a great man with familiarity and address him as " tu " or they do not know him at all.'

Though Lisbon folk would dispute this, St. John is the real moving spirit behind the June revels. His feast is on Midsummer Eve, a night pregnant with tradition and recalling rites in connection with fertility, the fullness of summer and the rich yield of the land. To say that these cults are pre-Christian is only to beg the question. The impulses behind animistic ceremonies are part of life itself. Coventry Patmore goes further and identifies the Baptist (not to the exclusion of other identities) with natural good, with human love and affections, which yield place only to Divine good.



THE LAKE [K. N. Raj

CAN WE RELY ON OUR WAR NEWS?

BY K. N. RAJ, *3 Hons.*, *Br. iv.*

'In a war, the first casualty is truth,' once remarked, I think, Lord Ponsonby.

But a hundred years ago, there was no complaint about unreliable war news because there was no reason for any. One or two months would elapse before the news of a battle in Egypt reached England and in these belated official despatches, it was not found necessary or useful to tell lies. From the fifties of the last century, however, news from the fronts have been more regular and detailed as a result of newspapers having representatives with armies in the field. The first war correspondent was Mr. Henry Howard Russell, who represented *The Times* in Crimea. It is interesting to note that, from the very beginning, these pioneers received a not too favourable reception at the hands of the Commanders-in-chief. Lord Wolseley, referring to 'these newly-invented curses to armies', said: 'Travelling gentlemen, newspaper correspondents, and all that race of drones are an encumbrance to an army; they eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all. Their numbers should be restricted as much as possible.' We should expect that such weighty words from a Commander-in-chief had a profound influence on the Government's policy towards the war correspondents. With the craze of the public for sensational news, however, it was not so easy to put it into action. But the need for control was felt and a drastic code of regulations, restricting the independence and freedom of action of the journalists in the field was prepared by the War Office. These were the beginnings of the now all-powerful Press Censor but even then, Censorship was as well capable of reversing the facts as it is sometimes now. In the war between Turkey and Greece, a correspondent wrote: 'The Crown Prince rode this morning through the streets of Domoko, uncheered'; but on reaching England, the message read that the Crown Prince had been 'loudly cheered'!

Before proceeding further, it may be emphasized that the Censorship was a plant of foreign growth which could not be expected to take kindly to British soil. Britain had long cherished the belief that a free press, restrained and chastened by the law of libel, was the antiseptic of public life. It was with difficulty that its people conceived of a régime in which a press law put newspapers at the mercy of the Government, and not the popular taste or an editor's judgment but 'reasons of State' that determined the inclusion of news. The Censorship, thus being a novelty, was bound to blunder and from the start had few friends. All its mistakes were advertised to the world and its emendations of Browning and Kipling went far to make it a laughing stock. The conduct of Censorship during the last Great War was most annoying to everyone. The Americans complained of lack of information, unwarrantable delay in the transmission of news, and suppression of important facts. And they were justified too. In the opening years of the war, a great mishap

befell the British Navy off the coast of Ireland. The inexperienced Censorship made its usual attempt at concealment. But the accident had been witnessed by the crew of an Atlantic liner plying between New York and Plymouth and the news appeared in all New York papers with circumstantial accounts by eye-witnesses. An enquiry sent by the *Tribune* to its London correspondent elicited the reply: 'Matter referred to is news which we were not and are not permitted to send'. The most unfortunate feature of the affair was the result which the belated disclosure had upon the public mind. Much more serious were the blunders and short-sightedness which the Censorship displayed in connection with the defeat of Admiral Cradock and the sinking of H.M.S. *Audacious*. In all these cases, it is clear that the Censorship did not take into account the fact that it was not open criticism which sowed as much distrust and want of confidence as the feeling that the public was not allowed to know what it ought to know. Disgusted, the *New York Evening Post* wrote: 'That the British Censorship of War News has reflected credit neither upon the intelligence of the officials nor upon their reputation for fair play, is daily becoming more evident.'

They say, 'Take it with a pinch of salt'. Unfortunately, this is only too true today, but nobody is to blame. England has fought her wars with correspondents of eminence ranging freely over the battlefields, making and marring the reputation of generals and enabling readers at home to follow a campaign as closely as they could a debate in the House of Commons. But now, the complex and mechanical character of modern war has made it expedient to curtail this freedom —the life and death struggle between contiguous nations has made rigid censorship a sheer necessity. In any belligerent country today, there are four separate audiences, the home public, the allied countries, the neutral countries and the enemy and nothing can be said which everyone of these would not overhear. The very fact that it is a strife less of armies than of peoples has imposed reticence upon popular means of information and expression. Slight distortion, if not complete concealment of facts, is in most cases necessary where to broadcast the truth would be to give the enemy valuable information. Sacrifices have to be made too for keeping the morale of the country high. Such considerations therefore necessarily impose strict limits upon the amount of truth which either side can utter during a war. It would not be out of place here to expatiate on the true meaning of the word 'lie'. It is an abuse of language to use the word 'lie' as equivalent to a false statement. There is a definite difference between refusing to acknowledge a true fact and definitely denying it. Only the latter can be called lying. A lie is a statement not merely false, but made with a consciousness of its falseness. An example of a deliberate lie would clarify the distinction. After a Zeppelin attack over England in the last war, the Germans announced: 'Several ships in the Mersey were damaged; a stable with two-hundred horses was destroyed by fire and the horses with their Canadian stablemen perished!'

How far truth can be concealed or distorted for the sake of propaganda still remains one of the problems that are awaiting solution today. We can only imagine what reactions, a belated disclosure of those series of catastrophes which overtook the British on the Continent last year, would have had

on the public mind. In the last war, purely descriptive articles about engagements which had happened weeks before would be held up, and the most harmless speculations used to be reduced to an unintelligible collection of words. The public felt annoyed that they were not permitted to receive legitimate and harmless news and were at the mercy of amateur censors, who could not agree among themselves as to what intelligence was contraband and what was not. It is very encouraging to note that this policy has been abandoned in this War and a bolder and more straight-forward policy adopted instead.

In conclusion, it will not be out of place to point out that censorship of war news for India could be less rigorous than it is today. Those who have been following closely recent events would remember that we, in India, were told of the sinking of an Indian ship by a German submarine only two months after the incident though it happened barely a thousand miles off the coast of Malabar. We are not people who will be scared by the idea of a German submarine in Indian waters and the unwarrantable delay in the case pointed out can be by no means justified. The Englishman is proud in the assurance of the integrity of his Government; the harder the blows of fortune, the more determined would Britain become to fight the matter out. We ask, 'Why should there be delay in the transmission of news to India?' The Indian can only keep silence or say that he does not understand what his Government is thinking about. It is a humiliating attitude to be obliged to assume; it is still more humiliating to a nation disposed in the main to be so friendly. It is above all humiliating because it is so unnecessary and because there would be no people so willing to accept explanations as the people of India, if only they could believe that they were honestly getting the truth.

MAGIC

VS.

'SPIRITUALISTIC MANIFESTATIONS'

Mr. K. Bhagyanathan's article in the September issue of our magazine is a fine example of the magician's art. For it presents the author on his magic carpet, floating with graceful nonchalance over the unchartered coast which still lies beyond the frontiers of science. Mr. Bhagyanathan achieves this effect in much the same way as he produces his delightful illusions on the stage—by the careful and artistic concealment of certain relevant facts.

Mr. Bhagyanathan's method, which leaves his readers slightly breathless, may be judged from the opening paragraphs of his article which carry us back to the Davenport Brothers and the Fox Sisters. Much water has flown under the bridge since the Brothers and the Sisters attempted to demonstrate their powers. It is hardly necessary now, after the lapse of half a century and more, to take up the cudgels for them. One may, however, point out that no criticism of them is fair if it conceals from us the conflicting nature of the evidence for their supernormal faculties. The suspicion of fraud might have been voiced more than once during the American *séances* of the Davenport Brothers ; but the long and carefully drawn up reports of the toxicologist, Dr. Loomis, and the chemist, Professor Mapes, should certainly restrain the too impetuous sceptic. If the hypothesis of an 'unknown exteriorized force' advanced by Loomis seems fantastic, we have Mapes's recorded observation that a large table on an elevated platform flew in an instant over the heads of the sitters and settled down comfortably in the most distant part of the *séance* room. The Salle Herz incident is decisive neither for the spiritualist nor for the anti-spiritualist; for, very soon after the incident, on the 27th September, 1865, the *Gazette des Etrangers* published a letter from Hamilton, a conjurer of some repute, attesting to the genuineness of the Davenport phenomena[1]. Sixteen years later, on the 10th of April of 1881, a similar statement by M. E. Jacobs, a prestidigitator of Paris, was published in *Licht Mehr Licht.*[2] Years after the happenings, in a letter to Conan Doyle, Houdini himself, contradicting one of his public utterances, made the curious statement, 'I can make the positive assertion that the Davenport Brothers were never exposed.'[3]

Turning to the Fox Sisters, it is well to remind ourselves that the people who heard the 'raps' which accompanied the Sisters were not all greenhorns 'determined to get themselves fooled'. Sir William Crookes, who had ample opportunities for testing the powers of Katie Fox in his laboratory,

[1] Nandor Fodor, LL.D., *Encyclopædia of Psychic Science*, p. 212.
[2] A. Campbell Holms, *The Facts of Psychic Science and Philosophy*, p. 332.
[3] Nandor Fodor, *Op. cit.*, p. 77.

ANCIENT RELICS OF SOUTHERN INDIA

By Albert S. Paul, *Class IV*, *Gr. iv-b.*

No such epoch-making discoveries have fallen to the lot of the archæologist of Southern India, as those at Harappa and Mohenjo-daro—whereby at a single bound our knowledge of Indian civilization was taken back some 3000 years. They have established the fact that in the third millenium before Christ, and even before that, the people of the Punjab and Sind were living in well-built cities and were in possession of a relatively mature culture with a high standard of art and craftsmanship and a developed system of pictographic writing. Yet there are, to those who are interested in such matters, a number of very ancient remains in South Indian jungles in the form of boundary marks, carved slabs, dolmens, Pandavas' tombs, stone circles or cairns, roughly hewn stones placed in position by a forgotten race and other relics of pre-historic times.

In the jungles of South Coimbatore and around Perumal Peak and the Neutral Saddle of the Kodaikanal Hills may be seen ancient dolmens in a well-preserved condition. The dolmens are Megalithic chambers consisting of an unhewn capstone poised on two or more unhewn uprights; they originated under neolithic conditions as sepulchres for eminent persons several centuries ago and were covered with earth or stone. Even at first sight, these huge stones placed in position with mathematical accuracy, make us wonder how primitive man was able to erect them without recourse to any of the modern engineering or mechanical devices. The digging of the earth by archæologists brought to sight several earthenware vessels, iron implements and large burial urns in which the bodies of the dead or the ashes after cremation were placed. Spears, daggers, other implements and fragments of bones were among the objects recovered from the chambers. Small pots and utensils of various sizes and shapes were grouped around the burial urns or were placed in a special rectangular apartment near the head, which gives rise to the belief that like the Egyptians of old they buried their dead with food and water and other things placed in these smaller vessels, probably to sustain the dead spirit in its journey to heaven. Even at the present day, in some remote Indian villages, the placing of pots and utensils with contents by the side of the dead appears to be common and in accordance with the animistic belief of the villagers that the 'double' of the dead man should be provided with such things lest he be angry, and that the dead spirit is hostile to the clan to which the dead man belonged when living and hence has to be placated.

What is of interest to archæologists and perhaps geologists also is that these vessels were made by hand and ornamented with primitive devices. The antiquity of the vessels is undoubted for they belong to types which have long gone out of currency. Many of them are black inside and all-red outside dotted in black. Certain other vessels are black inside and outside. They

are supposed to be of even earlier type. They compare well with similar vessels found in Egypt in graves undisputedly anterior to 3000 B.C. Most of the 'finds' from these dolmens are preserved in the Roman Catholic Sacred Heart College Museum at Kodaikanal.

The dolmens are sometimes mistakenly called cromlechs or druid altars. The aborigines of the hills and the villagers on the plains call these 'Pandavas' Houses' and believe that they were the dwelling places of a race of tiny pigmies of Liliputian size, so small that they had to climb the leguminous plants that grow wild in the fields off the hills with twelve-runged ladders. The Sholagas, the aborigines of the Billigirirangans, assert that the little people, moreover, ploughed their fields with little ploughs yoked to hares! They cannot explain how these tiny folk were able to handle the huge slabs of which their so-called houses were formed, except that this is an indication of what wonderful little men they were!

Pre-historic antiquities of considerable interest were discovered within the limits of Madras City at Kilpauk in the year 1934. These were to a certain extent similar to those found in the dolmens. One such find that has been exposed is a large urn 4½ feet high and 2¼ feet broad. Vessels smaller in size but varying in shape have been found packed and placed in order around them. Primitive implements were also discovered. Among others a small hoe blade, similar in shape to the celts of stone which were in use in the neolithic period.

What is most attractive and what tends to raise more enthusiasm is a pretty bird, a fine-looking specimen of pottery in attractive glaze. That find though made of sand and clay attests the considerable development of the artistic sense of those primitive people.

The fine black-tipped pottery of the finger-bowl type with rim and inside black and all the rest red, and other types of vessels found in the excavations link up the makers of such pottery with those of the pre-historic site of Adichanallur, which in turn, has been with considerable justification compared with the pottery which over five thousand years ago was common in pre-dynastic Egypt. The finds are at present housed in the Madras Museum.

Thus the Kilpauk sarcophagus raises the pertinent question, 'Was Madras founded only in 1639 as history has been teaching us for long? or was it founded earlier than that by those who built the temples at Mylapore and Triplicane?'

The archæologists contend that this new discovery establishes clearly that Madras was founded not in 1639 by the British nor by those who built the ancient town round the temples of Mylapore and Triplicane but much earlier, over 5000 years ago, by people who could boast of a primitive civilization. The historians have been challenged and they are yet to accept the challenge.

MAGIC'S FATAL TRICK

By K. Bhagyanathan, *Post-Graduate ii, Br. vii.*

A duel started the trick. One bright afternoon, in the year 1762, two quick tempered lieutenants of an English regiment stationed in Germany, fell into a heated conversation, began to exchange angry words until finally one of them threw down his gauntlet and cried 'My glove, Sir.' And so a duel was inevitable. Seconds were chosen and a day was fixed for the duel. Fortunately one of the seconds chosen was Mr. Philip Astley, a magician of some repute. That night Astley sat up late and analysed with his fertile brain every known trick of Magic with a view to devising some new trick by which he could save both the honour and lives of the impetuous soldiers. Suddenly he jumped up and began to examine the barrel of a gun. He smiled, for he had at last hit upon an idea . . . . The day of the duel arrived. The seconds loaded the guns, before the lieutenants, with powder and balls and handed them to the combatants. The antagonists took aim and fired. But to their surprise both of them remained unhurt. Three times the guns were loaded, and three times the rivals fired at each other ; yet both of them remained miraculously unhurt. After the third attempt the young lieutenants cursed what they thought was their miserable aim, argued that their honour had been vindicated, shook hands and parted friends. Astley smiled a smile of content, for it was his clever trick invented overnight that had saved the lives of the young Englishmen. How ironical is it then that this same trick which was devised to save the lives of two men, should turn out to be 'Magic's Fatal Trick' and become stained red with the blood of some of the cleverest magicians who ever mystified people.

Philip Astley was proud of his new trick and yearned to win public appreciation for his trick. He began to see with the mind's eye 'House Full' notices and hear imaginary applauses from appreciative audiences. He fell a victim to the lure of popularity. When he returned to England, he included in his magical programme, for the first time in the history of magic, the sensational trick of catching a bullet fired from a gun, with his teeth. The trick caught the public fancy and drew crowds to his show everywhere. Other magicians began not only to copy the trick but also to improve upon it. Marked bullets were loaded and 'caught' by the magicians. Magicians began to vie with each other in perfecting and mastering the trick. And paradoxically with mastery and perfection came accident and death. Tragedies soon began to follow.

The first victim of this 'hoodoo' trick was a brilliant French magician named Edmund De Grisy. He presented the 'bullet catching trick' in the course of the 'William Tell' scene. De Grisy used to appear dressed picturesquely as the Swiss hero, load a gun with a marked bullet, and fire at an orange placed on the head of his son, also dressed in striking Swiss costume. The marked bullet was finally found imbedded in the orange, and

THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT

extracted from it, amid deafening applause from the audience. De Grisy's method was to substitute for the marked bullet, just before loading, a fake bullet made of a secret amalgam, which even though it looked like the real bullet, shattered into bits when fired. Surely this was a very safe method and always was successful until—De Grisy was performing at Strassburg. The audience was waiting tensely for the appearance of De Grisy who had gone behind the screens for preparing for his famous 'William Tell' scene. Meanwhile back stage, the magician finding his son who was to assist him in his next trick sitting gloomy, approached him and asked him 'Not ready, son'? 'I feel ill, father' replied the boy. 'Then all right you shall go to bed as soon as the trick is over' said the fond father. Both father and son walked on to the stage. The gun was loaded and the orange placed on the head of the boy who had taken his position downstage. The magician took aim. There was pindrop silence in the auditorium. Bang! The boy tottered and fell forward, a bullet through his forehead, shot by his father.

The 12th of August 1824 was a great day for De Linksy, an itinerant magician for on that day he was to give a command performance before a prince of Germany. Ordinarily his repertoire consisted of small manipulative and sleight of hand feats. But the ambitious magician decided to present the bullet catching trick for his 'command' performance. He had experimented on it in private and thought he had mastered the trick. His wife was to assist him. The poor frightened lady had vainly tried her best to dissuade her husband from attempting the trick. The day for the command performance dawned. De Linksy's other tricks had gone off well. Finally he left the stage to prepare for his 'bullet catching trick'. Even at the last minute his wife said to him 'Dear husband, let us cancel the trick. I am afraid to face a loaded gun.' The magician was really touched and said. 'Dear, after this night I will never again do the trick. But please let us do it today. There is nothing to fear.' Husband and wife walked on to the stage. While the gun was loaded the lady took her position downstage. De Linksy seeing that his wife was very nervous, bandaged her eyes and comforted her. Then he walked upstage took aim and pulled the trigger. A puff of smoke and an explosion. Then with the poignant cry 'Oh husband, I am shot' on her lips, Mrs. De Linksy staggered and fell down dead, a bullet through her heart, another victim of 'Magic's fatal trick'. If only De Linksy had taken the advice of his wife.

The *London Daily Mail* of January 25th, 1906 records an accident thus: 'A conjuror named Blumenfield was shot last night on the stage at Basle. He was performing a trick with a revolver and forgot to extract the bullet before handing it to a spectator who was helping him in his performance. At Blumenfield's instructions the spectator fired and killed the conjuror on the spot.' Did the magician 'forget' to extract the bullet? Or was it an accident? Whatever the cause Blumenfield was a victim of 'Magic's fatal trick'.

Arnold Buck was an Irish magician. He had performed the bullet-catching trick successfully many times. But on one fateful day the trick tricked him out of his life. A 'wise guy' who was assisting the magician loaded the gun before firing, and while the performer was turned away from

him, with a fistful of nails, saying perhaps in his mind ' If he can catch the bullets let's see him catch the nails.' The order to fire came from the magician. There was a puff of smoke. Arnold Buck fell down mortally wounded by a fistful of nails.

Raoul Curran was a successful magician. Once he mystified a ' big mining audience ' by catching a marked bullet fired from a gun between his teeth. After the trick an excited ' tough guy ' suddenly jumped up and crying ' See if ye catch this ' shot at the magician point blank. Curran fell down dead, a bullet through his heart, yet another victim of ' Magic's fatal trick'.

It would be impossible to chronicle all the accidents and deaths caused by this fatal trick. One more—the greatest mystery of all the gun trick tragedies, will suffice. The famous Chung Ling Soo's performances were spectacular and unsurpassed. And he was doing the famous bullet catching—always successfully. On the night of March 24, 1918, Chung Ling Soo was giving his final performance at the Wood Green Empire Theatre at London. It was a ' full house ' show. Chung Ling Soo's shows were always full house shows. The curtain went up revealing a scene of oriental splendour which produced an audible gasp from the audience. Chung Ling Soo slowly walked on to the stage and performed his illusions with unsurpassed skill. The applauses were frequent. Finally an assistant brought on to the stage a gun and a plate full of bullets. The audience became suddenly tense. The gun was loaded with powder and a marked bullet by a member of the audience. The lights were dimmed, a powerful spot light was focussed on the magician, and the volunteer assistant took his aim, standing at the upper end of the stage . . . . Bang ! The magician staggered and fell forward. Was this a part of the act ? No ! Chung Ling Soo was mortally wounded. The Fatal trick had claimed another victim—the greatest of them all.

The dreadful trail of blood which this trick has left behind, has made magicians afraid of it. Even Houdini with all his vast knowledge of magic, after spending thousands of pounds in perfecting the trick dared not do it at the last moment. Theodore Annemann, the ' mental magic ' expert for some time performed the trick, but finally decided to leave 'Magic's Fatal trick' alone. Why ? Because this trick gives the magician no second chance. The trick is a trick but Death is real.

THE STUDY OF THE SOUTH INDIAN LANGUAGES

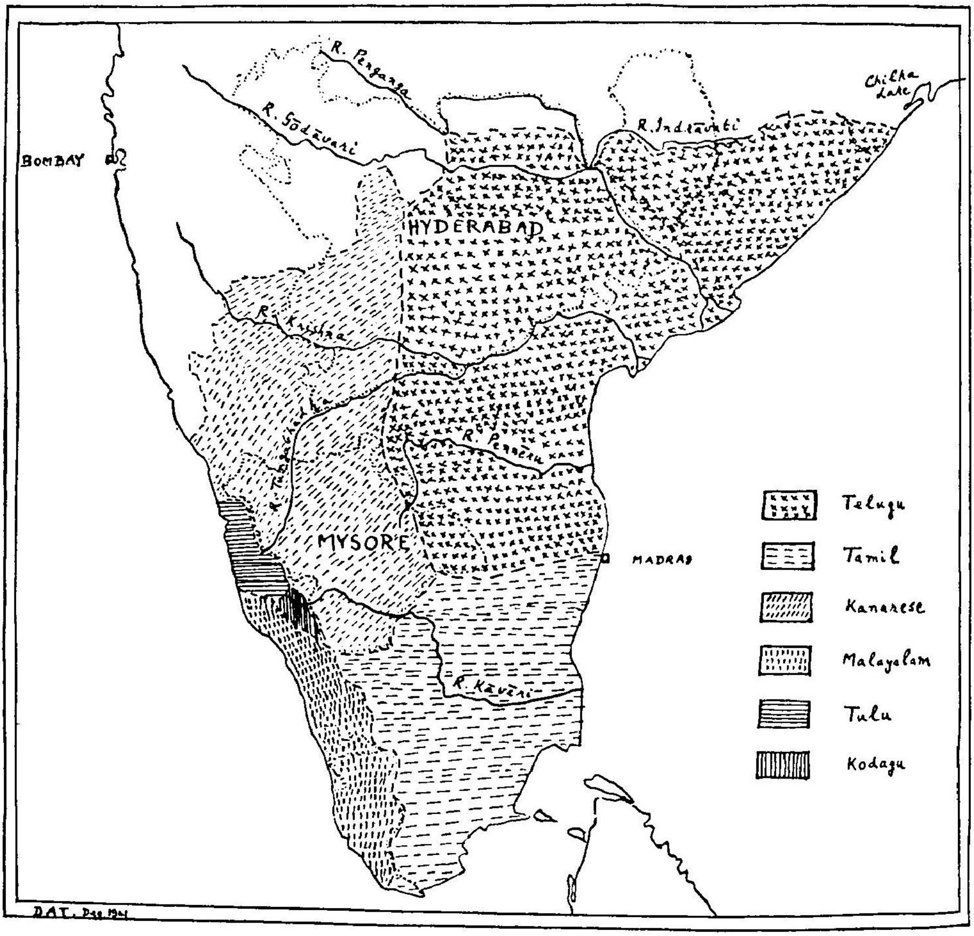
I

The vast majority of the students of our college speak one of the South Indian languages as their mother-tongue, and ought to take a greater interest than they seem to do in questions connected with those languages. As a recent writer reminds us, language is the most specifically human of all man's activities, and in the study of language even untrained persons can find delight and render important help. It is in the hope that some of my readers will do for Dravidian philology what has been so splendidly accomplished for the philology of other tongues that I write this article, and I shall try to indicate how they can help to solve some of the problems which confront us.

Scholars arrange languages in families on the basis of certain linguistic features. Our languages belong to the Dravidian family, the members of which are Telugu, Tamil, Kanarese and Malayalam. Other members are Tulu the language of the country around Mangalore, and Kodagu spoken in Coorg. In the Linguistic Map I have prepared, the areas occupied by these languages are indicated. It is based on Grierson's Linguistic Survey and on census reports issued subsequently, supplemented by other evidence as, for instance, that of place names. The map is as accurate as it can be made at present, but the exact boundaries of each language area can be determined only by a special survey conducted by competent and impartial investigators. Backward tribes in our province speak other Dravidian languages—Kota, Badaga and Toda; Oraon, Gondi and Kui are spoken by aboriginal tribes scattered over Central and Eastern India. These deserve as much attention as the 'important' languages, and there is no reason why they should not be cultivated for literary purposes and encouraged to develop according to their own genius. This is done in Europe, where little known languages such as Frisian or the Saxon dialects have literary monuments to their credit. But our backward languages are overshadowed by their more powerful neighbours, and if steps are not taken in time they may disappear altogether and leave us the poorer for their loss. My list, however, is not complete, for we must add what is for special reasons the most interesting of the Dravidian tongues—Brahui, spoken in distant Baluchistan.

The first question that faces the student of Dravidian is the problem of affiliation. Do the Dravidian languages form an isolated group or are they related to other language families? The orthodox pundit view that they are derivatives of Sanskrit was scotched but not killed by the greatest of Dravidologists—Bishop Caldwell, in his *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages* (first edition 1856). Some scholars still maintain that Dravidian is a Prakrit which broke off from Sanskrit very early. This theory creates more difficulties than it solves; it ignores the fundamental fact that the

Dravidian languages are not inflectional, i.e., they do not indicate the relation of a word to other words in the sentence by endings, which form an integral part of the words to which they are attached, as in Sanskrit. The late



LINGUISTIC MAP OF SOUTH INDIA

Mr. T. Rajagopalarow, the distinguished scholar who served this college many years, was inclined to believe that Dravidian is related to Sanskrit, not as a derivative, but as an independent member of the same Indo-European family ; he hoped in some way to connect it with the Germanic branch.

Indeed so baffling and yet so attractive is this question that there are few unattached, 'single' languages on earth to which Dravidian has not been, often temporarily, wedded by the dabbler in comparative philology. Mitanni (spoken east of Mesopotamia, c. 1400 B.C.), Sumerian (which dates c. 4000 B.C.) and Burushaski (spoken beyond the north-west frontier of our country)

have, at different times, been suggested as close relations of Dravidian. Caldwell leaned to the view that the Ural-Altaic family and particularly the Finno-Ugrian branch which includes Finnish, Hungarian and Esthonian showed striking similarities to Dravidian. The theory of Australian affinities has proved very popular, and it must be remembered that we have in India, apart from Indo-European and Dravidian languages, a third linguistic group—the Munda languages which are now definitely proved to form part of the great Austric family, comprising tongues spoken in Malaya, New Zealand and in the islands of Oceania. These different theories open out fascinating vistas to the imagination. To imagine that we here, in Tambaram, speak languages closely related to that spoken in far away Finland must stimulate the most sluggish mind. The Sumerian theory, perhaps, holds the key to the solution and we must wait for a reliable decipherment of the inscriptions on seals and votive tablets discovered in Sind. The readings so far offered are not trustworthy.

Closely related, but not linguistic, is the question 'Where did the speakers of Dravidian languages come from?'. To try to answer it is to tread on very uncertain ground, for the relation of language to race is the prickliest question that has ever confronted the student of ancient history. The latest contribution to the subject that I know of is the view referred to by Fr. Heras in an article in the *New Review* (September 1941) that the 'Hamitic' race is derived from the 'Dravidian' race. If Dravidian speakers entered India from outside at a given point of time, our knowledge of the route they took and other details will depend largely on our answer to the question asked in the preceding paragraphs. Wherever they came from it is very likely that when speakers of an Indo-European language, the so-called Aryans, entered India from the north-west, Dravidian languages were spoken all over the country. Dravidian speech was swamped by the flood of 'Aryan' invasion, until its advance was stemmed by the great Central Indian mountain ranges—the Vindhya, Satpura and Rajmahal hills—and the impenetrable Deccan forest beyond them. Little islands of Dravidian were, however, left high and dry in this flooded area and such are Brahui in Baluchistan, Oraon in Bihar and Gondi in the Central Provinces. All the low-lying and fertile areas were occupied by the invader, and such Dravidians as did not get mixed up with the invaders were forced to retreat to the hills, just as the Celtic speaking Britons had to retire to the hills of Wales when the English speaking Germanic tribes invaded Britain. Another fact which lends support to the view that 'Aryans' came into close contact with Dravidians in North India is that when Sanskrit develops on Indian soil it changes in a Dravidian direction! Alone among the Indo-European languages Sanskrit has a domal series of consonants, the hard *ṭ, ḍ, ṇ* series, sounds radical to Dravidian but not to Sanskrit. Further, when the Prakrits develop they also betray a Dravidian tendency, e.g., the inability in Pali to pronounce consonant combinations like *pr, gr* or *rm,* which is very much like the handicap under which Tamil labours. Among the bits of evidence to show that even in historical times Dravidian was more widespread than at present are the limits assigned to the Andhras by Greek geographers, and the fact that the places mentioned by Ptolemy as far north as the mouths of the

Ganges are found to be Telugu. Dr. S. K. Chatterji of the Calcutta University has shown that many Bengali place-name elements are of Dravidian origin.

The method so far adopted to decide the question of affiliation is faulty in the extreme. It has consisted largely of compiling lists of words which look like words in other languages and of cursory glances at one or two grammatical features. While recognising the limitations of the method I have played this game myself, as when I pointed out in the *Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society* (Vol. XXI, No. 2) that there are many more lexical affinities between Dravidian and Finnish than Caldwell suspected. The correct procedure, however, is as follows: The records of each Dravidian language must be thoroughly examined and the oldest form of each word in each language (excluding loan words) established. These oldest forms in each language are to be compared, due regard being paid to the date of the record, and hypothetical Primitive Dravidian forms arrived at. On the basis of such forms the sound correspondences between the different languages must be formulated. The method works both ways: the laws of sound correspondence help us to arrive at the original hypothetical forms and these in turn enable us to formulate the laws more correctly. Every new fact discovered will affect these forms or our sound laws, for a sound law describes not what must happen but what does happen. The trouble is that it is not always possible to ascertain the oldest forms of words found in the modern languages. We must, however, make the best of the situation and proceed with the material available. If, for instance, on the basis of Tamil *sevi*, Malayalam *chevi*, Telugu *chevi*, Kanarese *kivi* and Tulu *kebi* we reconstruct a Pr. Drav. *kevi = ear, we may have to modify it in the light of knowledge derived from the other Dravidian tongues or from older records of these languages themselves. When accurate lists of words in Old Tamil, Old Telugu, Old Kanarese etc., are made, we can have a Dravidian word book which gives these hypothetical forms. Not until the Dravidian mother-tongue takes some shape, and we know, at least in outline, its main features in phonology, accidence and vocabulary, can we hope to determine to which other languages Dravidian is related. Until such time we must endure with amused tolerance the theory that Christ spoke Tamil, or that Celtic and Malayalam are related because Irish *mac* is like *magan* and both mean 'son'.

A. F. THYAGARAJU.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION CAMP

By Albert H. Sargunar, *Class IV, Gr. i-b*

The fifth Annual Camp of the Madras Christian College Christian Union was held in St. Columba's High School, Chingleput, from the 17th to the 19th of October 1941. The Camp was attended by sixty students and a number of members of the College Staff. Mrs. W. F. Kibble, who stayed all through in our midst, was the Camp Hostess, and the President of the Union, Mr. D. S. George Muller, acted as the Camp Chairman. The theme, for consideration in the Camp, was 'Christ's Way and Ours', based on a book by Dr. L. P. Larsen.

The Camp began with a stirring message by Mr. G. V. Job, M.A., Principal, St. Columba's High School. Dealing with the first aspect of the theme, 'I am the way', he said that the guidance that Christ promises for man is not a safe passport through a great trunk road full of sign-posts. It is more like the distant light that shines beyond the trackless desert or the fitful call that reaches a lost and frightened lamb from its mother. Naturally we ask whether the teachings of Jesus furnish the silken thread with which humanity may pick its way out of the maze into which it has strayed. Christ's claim to be the way does not rest on the fact that his ethical principles transcend the heights reached by other teachers of mankind. The surprising and revolutionary elements in His ethics are qualities derived from His faith and His way of life. The elements of His faith are that, God is, and is righteous; God's rule in the world is supreme; the powerlessness of human nature to resolve its inherent contradictions necessitates re-birth; re-birth starts the rich experience of the kingdom of God within oneself which can be completed only when that kingdom has come into the world. Christ's ethical ideas can be understood fully only in relation to His conception of the kingdom which is God's eternal, immanent and unfailing purpose for the world. His whole life was one consistent contradiction of all accepted notions of right and wrong. Taking one notable example of Christ's ethical revolution, His submission to the Cross must be distinguished from all Satyagraha inasmuch as its aim was a surrender and not an assertion of rights. The Way of Christ was indicated by his Resurrection and it has ever since exerted tremendous moral influence over the conscience of humanity and the world. The corner stone for the new World Order, should, therefore, be the willingness to surrender one's rights, personal and national, and the superstructure should be cemented with love and not force. It will happen when men begin to dream the dreams of the Prophets of Israel, as enlarged and sanctified by the greatest of all dreamers, even Jesus Christ.

The next morning, the Camp as a whole was led in Bible Study by Mr. Martin. Taking a few passages from Moffatt's translation of the New Testament, viz. St. John xv. 9-17; I Corinthians xiii. and Ephesians iii. 14-21 as the basis, he dealt with the implications and the fruits of the command to 'love one another'.

'God and Man' was the theme of the morning address by the Rev. J. E. L. Newbigin, M.A. In the course of his address he observed that the shortest statement of the Christian faith is 'I believe in God through Jesus Christ'. As John Baillie has argued in his book *Our knowledge of God*, all men have experience of God, but some do not recognize it for what it is. Restlessness is the hall-mark of humanity. Unlike animals, man never reaches a state of complete satisfaction. He has dreams of a good beyond his reach which he cannot ignore and become an animal. But when he tries to understand and 'honour the good' he is faced with a terrible paradox, for the good always remains an ideal, incapable of attainment. There are three ways of shirking the issue. The Idealist claims that the 'real' self is to be seen in the ideals which a man cherishes, not in the practice. Marxism, which itself is nothing but Idealism turned upside down, has condemned it as window-dressing. Yes—if the ideals have no objective reality. But if ideals express a faint apprehension of an objective will, both Idealism and Marxism are based on illusion; and when this is realized we find that we have not at all succeeded in solving the problem. Mysticism, which is the religious counterpart of monistic and pantheistic philosophy, holds that the difference between reality and ideals is only apparent and superficial—a difference that will vanish on deeper reflection. But such experience is possible only for a few who can evade facing the ordinary hard disciplines of daily duty. This may also entail a blurring of moral distinctions and lead to a spirit of conservatism. Thus Mysticism, too, fails to face the real issue. Legalism believes that he who disobeys God's laws is lost. Man must also know that he has obeyed God's laws. But most of the weightier laws of religion cannot thus be verified. Hence, it makes the legalist observe the lighter laws and discard the weightier ones. This takes us back to the same problem. There is only one line of religious thought which steadfastly avoided these blind alleys and held on desperately to the paradox. This line is the succession of Jewish prophets who were certain that the ultimate reality was a Righteous God. The long-hoped-for divine intervention came in the form of a Man, in whom the paradox was solved. The life and teachings of Jesus, bridged the gulf that existed between man and God. Man's existence according to Jesus is constituted by his responsibility to God. The life and crucifixion of Jesus brings home to every man the inherent sin and utter despicability of man on the one hand and the forgiving love of God on the other. Idealism, Mysticism and Legalism failed because they were anthropocentric. But what is made possible in the Cross is theocentric. The haunting vision of goodness is focussed with all intensity on Jesus Christ. Thus man has again become responsible to God, not by his own achievement but by the promised new covenant.

One significant achievement at the Camp was the N.M.S. meeting which resulted in the initiation of the Student Volunteer Missionary Fellowship. An outline of the activities of the N.M.S. and its call to the youth of the country for active service were brought out in two convincing speeches by Mr. K. Natarajan from the N.M.S. staff and Mr. Asirvadam. Membership in the Fellowship would mean a pledge to the service of Christ, continued prayer for missionary work in various spheres, an aliveness to the activities of the N.M.S. and other Missions, co-operation in raising the required

amount of finances and lastly an endeavour to keep the pledge, with God's help, throughout life.

In the afternoon the Rev. J. F. Butler, M.A., PH.D., speaking on the subject, 'Man and Man', considered the foundation, rather than the structure, of the science of Christian sociology in the light of the parable of the Good Samaritan which, he said, is but the enlargement of the text 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'. He said that the command to love one's neighbour, by no means covers the whole field of Christian sociology but it is its basis. In spite of the fact that no moral command could be perfectly obeyed, the practicability of the text lies in the fact that God orders us to aim at nothing less than that. The text is of immense value, when, as Christians in India, we face the Indian problem and the general problem of post-war reconstruction. Both these problems demand expert knowledge—mere good feeling is not enough. But the idea of either of them being approached except by men of goodwill and understanding is appalling. The Christian doctrine of one's duty to man is not of a duty to men in general but of a specific duty to one's neighbour. In the parable 'neighbour' is clearly defined as 'the man with whom life brings one into contact'. The relationship, however, is wider, and includes our families, our neighbours, our civic relationships, and our enemies. There is a vital thread of unity, for the Christian, between the various attitudes of love exhibited in these relationships. But the easiest sin to commit here is, not that of cruelty but of neglect, as the parable illustrates. The close connection between the text and the command to love God is seen in the form 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—I am the Lord'. Here, the question for the Christian is whether his self-love is to be mere selfishness, or at a higher level, self-respect, or is it to be self-love with a knowledge that self is valued because it should serve God. Only such knowledge will enable us to love ourselves and our neighbours.

Mr. A. S. Paul presiding, Rev. Paul Ramaseshan delivered the evening devotional address, 'Human Need and Divine Response'. Referring to Psalm 139: 4–7 and Romans 7: 14–25, the speaker said that though separated by a long stretch of time, both the Psalmist and the Apostle reveal the helplessness and misery of human existence. They are saints and not sinners, but the grip of evil seems to frighten them. The Psalmist tries to run away from the situation, while St. Paul feels that he is drifting helplessly. These verses signify a mental storm and illustrate what happens when man comes across the fact of God. First, the ego in man places itself in the centre of the picture and seeks to evaluate every thing in terms of itself. As such the evaluations of one individual clash with those of others, and that accounts for all the conflict and misery around us. It is because of this that self-love is defined as the root of sin. Into this state of self-centredness, comes the fact of God. When this potential power breaks in and tries to wipe out the idea of human centrality, we desire to escape from the awful presence. The essence of this struggle lies in the revolt against the call to self-denial. To one who has seen God, He is everywhere and there is no escape. A total readjustment becomes a necessity. But man's past renders it impossible and he cannot get out of the mire unless that great power does it for him. It is this that God promises to do for man in Christ. Here is the glorious

response of God to man's need. Christ accomplishes what we are unable to do for ourselves and enables us to reach a valuation of the world when God will be in the centre and all else will have their meaning in terms of their value for God. Thus He constrains us to join with St. Paul in the triumphant cry: 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord'.

That night after dinner, we had a very entertaining sing-song ably organized by Mr. R. R. Benjamin. Suppressed talents were released. Dr. Adiseshiah scored a hit by his stock possession in music, 'Nanda-Vanathil-Vorandi'. Even Mr. Macphail appeared in a new light and burst unawares into song, and with his Shakespearean instinct began making emendations in other people's songs. Mr. Newbigin made desperate attempts at 'poisoning the Student's Mind'. Tyron Powell's Bull Fight in 'Blood and Sand' was depicted with an animal enthusiasm by Mr. Ambrose John and Mr. No Bull Visvasam. Dr. Kibble alone refused to sing.

Sunday was devoted to a retreat which was an experimental measure this year. The day began with the celebration of Holy Communion—the celebrant being the Rev. M. S. Adiseshiah. After chota, the whole camp was led in meditation and quiet by Dr. Adiseshiah. The trend of thought during the three hours of quiet was as follows: --

The ultimate vocation of the human soul is surrender to the Divine Will. The most complete and absolute surrender of personality is seen to depend on three sacrifices: (*a*) Poverty of spirit which implies a voluntary practice of the heroic virtue which actual poverty learns of necessity. (*b*) Chastity which is the most costly of all Christian virtues condemned by modern thought as sheer negation while it is the soul's supreme affirmation. (*c*) Obedience which normally involves submission to all normal authority but must be able, in the last resort, to recognize submission to the Divine Will alone.

The experiment, in spite of its length, was found by no means an ordeal and was really contributive to the spiritual side of the Camp and as such it will be well to make it a regular feature in succeeding camps.

After lunch, the Camp met to hear the closing address, when, in the place of the Principal who is the traditional speaker on the occasion, Mr. Thyagaraju spoke on the subject, 'Not an Easy Way'. He said that it was not an easy way because the Man who summons us to His service is not one whom everybody will naturally admire. He does not fit into our categories or fill the picture of greatness which men draw for themselves. He is not an easy Man to serve either, for He demands not merely total allegiance but commitment for life and eternity, and He does this without lowering His standards or accommodating Himself to our level. It seems well-nigh impossible to serve Him and yet we would rather do so than 'abide without, among the cattle of the field'. For the totalitarian claims which Christ makes do not degrade him who accepts them but release him from the bonds of sin and self, setting him free to fulfil his personality. To those who decided in all seriousness to walk this Way, Mr. Thyagaraju made three suggestions. First: Study Him. This meant concentrating attention on the life of Jesus as recorded in the Bible; it was the most fascinating study that one could imagine. No view of man or God can

be correct that conflicts with the evidence of that record. The worst blots that stained the history of the Christian Church were directly referable to a moving away from the historical Jesus to worship a figment of the imagination. Second: Join a group of those who love Him. This ought to be for most people the local congregation but others will need smaller groups. The Christian life cannot be lived in isolation. But the group should not become more important than the Master. Third: Do something for Him because you love Him. It does make a vital difference to do things for Jesus' sake, for the quality of our service depends upon our belief in God and man which is derived from Jesus Christ. He preserves us from extreme spirituality and gross materialism. But let us not imagine that our 'social' or any other kind of work will bring in the Kingdom. That is God's task. Our business is to love Christ and help others to love Him. With these suggestions in mind we may go on to walk the difficult way, knowing that Christ will never take us to a place He has not been to Himself.

The Camp broke up at 4 p.m. and we arrived in Tambaram in time for the College Service that evening which was to be the conclusion of our Camp programme. The sermon was delivered on the occasion by Mr. Martin.

Thus ended a useful and enjoyable camp at Chingleput. We are glad to be able to say that it has already had tangible results. Two prayer-groups have been inspired by the Camp and have been regularly meeting since. And we are sure that this stimulus given at the Camp will sustain not only those who attended it, but the Union as a whole in its activities in the course of the year.

SONNET ON THE DNIEPERSTROI

BY L. M. TURNER, *5 Hons., Br. vii.*

The mighty waters thundered to the sea,
Down from the Dnieperstroi, and those long years
Of patient toil, 'the blood, the sweat, the tears'
Were thus rewarded for their misery!
With their own hands they did it and their ears
Heard but they wept not. Grim-fac'd, silently,
They watch'd the great dam breaking and the free
Triumphant waters surge past shatter'd piers.

Not vain was all their labour, though the stars
Look down and mock, for it has made them strong—
Men strong-soul'd as the hills the tempest scars.
Storm-strengthened by old thunder, steel'd by wrong,
Their living wall the flood of madness bars,
That will not break till Triumph crowns their song.

BOOK REVIEW

Villages and Towns as Social Patterns. By BENOY KUMAR SARCAR. CHUCKERVERTHY CHATTERJEE & CO., LTD., 1941. Rs. 15.

This book is an outstanding study in the forces that make for social transformation. The town-village problem is chosen as the means of analysing fundamental social relations and remakings that constitute progress. The classical dichotomy in community life between town and village has been so far overdone and for purposes of social reconstruction is without much value. Fundamentally both categories, rural and urban, are on the same plane of discourse in the matter of food, clothing and shelter, marriage, sex-relations, education, health, hygiene, local administration, law, religion, etc. It is the reaction and response to these common problems that is of interest. And such reactions cannot be described either as 'urban' or 'rural' without begging the whole issue these terms raise. Where response differs, no simple monistic explanation can be usefully put forward. But all this *is* being constantly done in our country today. On the one hand, we are told that the way forward is the way back—back from modern industrialism, with its slums, its characterless mass civilization and its irreligion to the older kind of India, where the village was a microcosm of the whole people, the different groups did each its caste task, and the spirit of Hinduism, strong in its reverence for life and its love of poverty, ruled throughout the fabric of national life. To others, on the contrary, both a village India revived by the spinning wheel and the spirit of Hinduism are irrelevant to the needs of the country; so that rapid industrialism and collectivisation of agriculture hand in hand with hyper-urbanisation is the only way out.

But this takes for granted that urbanism is a function of industrialism, that agricultural occupation goes inevitably invariably with ruralism. Professor Sarcar's intensive analysis of the data available in our country—apart from that available from abroad—enables us to visualise a modification of this idea. Once again the 'obvious' monocratic type of interpretation finds expression. And the section on the 'moderatism of Gandhi' throws further light on the problem. But the real point behind Gandhian ruralism is in the realm of values, the simple, trustful, self-confident, sympathetic villager, who sets about directly to achieve what he wants, avoiding tortuous intrigues and the blasphemous use of the supernatural. This raises the whole question of the doctrine of the nature of man on which sociology has little to say.

There is much in the book with which one disagrees. The doctrine of progress developed in the last section describes progress as an indefinite, indeterminate, endless disequilibrium or struggle between good and evil, insecurity and restlessness, always creative and normally manifested in the intuitions, urges, ambitions and adventures of youth. Sorokin, Spengler, Condorcet, Hegel, Marx, Comte, Liberal, Communist and Imperialist systems are all rapidly reviewed and analysed to support this appraisal of progress. This again

raises questions such as the ultimate destiny of man which cannot be described in purely sociological terms. In the treatment of some socio-economic problems, the writer falls into that very mechanistic heresy against which he warns us. The attempt to banish the demographic problem in India by purely statistical methods, the attempt to evaluate the Soviet economy in static terms of Marx and Lenin, and the use of irritating terminology (an amalgam of German, English and Bengalee), demand reconsideration.

The treatise, however, sounds an important and urgent note useful to the student and the administrator, necessary to save the country from the tragic social transformation that 'vice and stupidity' inherent in social relations have given rise to elsewhere.

M.S.A.

SOCIETIES

Union Society

This time our report is not going to be long or detailed. Since the last issue of the Magazine there were seven meetings under the auspices of the Union Society. Sjt. Satyamurti, Srimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, Dr. D. Gurumurthi of the Madanapalle College, Sir T. Vijayaragavachariar and Sri E. N. Subrahmanyam also from Madanapalle were in our midst on different occasions. Usually the student chairman presided but on two occasions, Deacon Joseph and Mr. R. S. Macnicol kindly agreed to be in the chair. As for student activities, we had two inter-hall debates once when Mahatmaji's decision regarding the Congress policy was anticipated and the second when the severe verdict that Democracy has been a failure was given. Many students participated in the debates.

Our representatives, Sri K. Bhagyanathan and I, took part in a debate with the Presidency College on 21st October which was broadcast by the A.I.R. Sri K. Diravyam and Sri B. A. Balachowdiah represented our College in the Y.M.I.A. Oratorical contest and Diravyam won two medals, one as the best individual speaker and the other as the best junior speaker. We wish the young enthusiast all success in future.

But I have a feeling that more students ought to come forward to take part in the activities of the Union Society. I hope they will do so and prove their mettle.

T. C. A. SRINIVASAVARADAN,
Secretary.

Brotherhood

On the 31st October, the Brotherhood arranged an excursion to Pondicherry and Chidambaram. Under the moon-light and a starry sky the train steamed out of Tambaram, carrying its gay and cheerful inmates. Few slept that night, for everyone was eager to catch the first glimpse of Pondicherry, the ancient seat of the French Empire in India. At last that great city came into sight, and when we alighted we tried to exhibit our great knowledge of the French language. It usually proved, however, incomprehensible—except to ourselves!

We were reminded of those days when many a battle was fought between the French and the English and in the city itself there survived many a legend of heroism in those stirring times. The long parallel roads, running through the heart of the city formed a striking and lovely spectacle and many a camera clicked when the Dupleix statue came into view, serene and majestic and gazing out to sea, as if to keep watch over the remnants of the French Empire in India.

After our night meal, which was rather unpalatable, we left for Chidambaram, a city of great antiquity and religious importance. We saw there the

ancient Siva temple, famous for its architectural beauty, with its gopurams containing representations of the hundred and eight postures of dancing elaborated in the Hindu 'Natya Sastra'. The highly-finished ornamental work, the intoxicating sense of profusion and abandon in the design, that we found there, filled us with awe and delight.

Then we came to the Annamalai University and were lodged in the 'Indian' guest house as distinct from the 'European'—a strange entry of the 'colour bar' of the West into an Indian University!

Evening hours were spent happily, playing games with the students of the University. We lost the hockey match since none of us were hockey players except our Bellary champion Mr. Asvath Narain Rao. It is a pity that our College Hockey XI misses such a player. Mr. Asvath like many a flower is born to blush unseen.

We all left that night for Tambaram carrying with us the memories of a splendid excursion.

The Brotherhood is anxious to arrange an excursion to Bangalore and Mysore next term. The social work is carried on with more vigour and interest. Work in the Welfare Centre is progressing satisfactorily.

K. S. AHMED PASHA,
Secretary.

Christian Union

Mr. Ralla Ram's visit to us at the end of last term and his glowing tribute to the activities of the Union in *The Student Outlook* inspired us to greater enthusiasm during the course of this term. The outstanding features of our work were the Annual Camp at Chingleput and the inauguration of the Student Volunteer Missionary Fellowship. A detailed report of the Camp appears elsewhere in this issue. The Fellowship has been regularly meeting every Tuesday under the leadership of Mr. R. S. Macnicol.

Our social and evangelistic work and our Sunday School activities have been carried on as usual. We hope to have a Christmas Service for the Sunday School children some time during the Christmas Vacation, when the children are planning to put on boards the drama 'The Fourth Wise Man'.

There has been a sudden setback in the work of our Study Circles and at present only three groups, viz. 'Christianity and Communism', 'Christianity and Science', and 'Christian Ethics', are meeting every Sunday. Efforts are being made to find out the practical difficulties caused by our experiment in centralizing the Study Circles and to suggest the means of remedying them next year, and a committee of five members has been set up for this purpose. I am afraid we may have to begin conducting our Study Circles on a Hall basis once again.

An N. M. S. meeting was organized under the auspices of our Union when Dr. Paton and a few other N. M. S. workers spoke. A Student Service in Tamil was held in the Bishop Heber Hall Chapel when Mr. A. H. Sargunar was the student preacher. We hope to have another such service in the local Methodist Church towards the end of this term. The Rt. Rev. Stephen

Neill has consented to address a meeting of the Union on the 23rd of November. A Terminal Prayer Meeting and a Carol Service organized by the members of the Union will bring the activities of the term to a close.

ALBERT H. SARGUNAR,
General Secretary.

Literary Society

We had our first debate this term on Wednesday the 5th November. Father Koshi presided, the subject for discussion being 'Dispossessed at birth and disinherited throughout life the Hindu woman lives in a precarious state of existence'. Mr. P. S. Rajaratnam moved the proposition. Mr. C. G. Ramasubbu opposed it. After a lively discussion the proposition was put to the vote and carried.

We are sorry we could not have more meetings this term because we are free only on Wednesday evenings and the secretaries of other Associations seem to have a weakness for Wednesdays. We hope, however, to have one more meeting before the end of this term.

M. NARASIMHA RAO,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham

Since the issue of the last number of the College Magazine, our Sangham has held three meetings which were well attended. The first of these was held on Thursday the 28th of August, when Vidwan Kuriganuri Narasinga Rao spoke on 'Kavisamayamulu' (Poetic Conventions). Sri Challa Satyanarayana, M.A., presided. Both the speaker and the chairman enlightened us with their interesting remarks on the various aspects of the subject.

The next meeting was held on Friday the 10th of October. Sri Sreepada Lakshmipathi Sastri, Reader in Telugu, University of Madras, delivered a lecture on 'Swabhashabhimanamu'. Sri Francis occupied the chair. The speaker pleaded, during the course of his lecture, that we should have love and respect for our mother-tongue.

On Monday the 3rd of November, Sri Parabrahma Sastri, M.A., of Loyola College, gave us a very useful and literary lecture on 'Tikkana—Virataparvamu'. Vidwan K. Narasinga Row presided.

We had two debates this term. I regret that we could not bring out the Telugu supplement to the College Magazine this term. I hope the members will be patient till next term.

I might make mention, here, of the celebration of 'Andhra Cultural Week' in Madras by the Andhra students of all the colleges in the city. This was held from the 7th to the 13th of November. Our members participated in it with much enthusiasm.

I think we shall be able to have one or two meetings by the end of this term. We also hope to enact a play, 'Asvatthama' before the end of this month.

BUNYAN HOSEA,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

The Onam celebration forecast in the last issue of the Magazine was a great success. Instead of the Onam Dinner we had to satisfy ourselves with a Tea-party. Dr. C. S. Govinda Pillay presided over the meeting. After the meeting there was an entertainment. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who helped to make the celebration a success.

We have had only two meetings this term. Dr. C. Achutha Menon, University Reader in Malayalam, spoke on 'Hasa Sahityam', and Vidwan Joseph on 'Vallathol Sahityam'. Both the meetings were well attended and the speeches were instructive. We hope to have some more lectures before the end of the term.

M. C. PODUVAL,
Secretary.

Sanskrit Association

On the evening of the 29th of August, Mr. S. Ramaswamy Iyengar, Advocate, gave a lucid lecture on 'The Ramayana ideal of chastity'. The learned lecturer quoted key-sentences from Kalidasa and Valmiki and explained them analytically. On that occasion we had the privilege of having Justice K. S. Krishnaswami Iyengar as the president. He observed: 'We in this country had a glorious past and it is up to us to follow the track that our forefathers have laid'. He advised the large audience to read Valmiki in the original and to strengthen the Association by having more and more meetings of this kind.

'Universal education, universal employment and universal justice were the functions of the Ancient Indian government', observed Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, on the 12th November when he spoke on 'Our ancient poets on Indian politics'. The address was very lively throughout. He gave a critical survey of the ancient system of government in India and distinguished it from the modern form of government. Quoting some beautiful lines from Kalidasa, Bhasa and other ancient poets, he revealed the past glories of our motherland.

Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao presided over the function. He complimented the lecturer on his versatility and lucidity of expression.

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks by the secretary.

C. N. SUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

Tamil Sangham

The activities of our Sangham for this term ought to have started with a lecture on 'Christian contribution to Tamil literature' by Vidvan Arunachala Gounder of the Hindu College, Tinnevelly. But the meeting was postponed to next term, at the last moment.

The Bharati Music competition was held on 7th October in which R. Kothandaraman was awarded the first prize, while the second and third prizes were awarded to C. Balachandran and E. A. Srinivasan by the College

Karnatic Music Association. The next day, we celebrated Bharati Day in Selaiyur Hall under the joint auspices of the Karnatic Music Association and our Sangham with Srimathi Sakunthali, daughter of the late poet Bharati, in the chair, when Sri P. S. Nellaiappar, ex-editor of *Lokopakari* and one of Bharati's colleagues, spoke on 'Bharati and New life'.

Mr. K. S. Mani, the senior member of the working committee, was elected assistant secretary. According to our present programme we are to have two more lectures and a debate for this term. Sri T. S. Chokkalingam, M.L.A., has kindly consented to speak on Gandhism in the third week of November.

The Tamil supplement for this year will be published in March and it is hoped that the members would be ready with their contributions after the Christmas vacation.

M. S. D. ARANGANATHAN,
Secretary.

Mathematics Association

There was a meeting of the Association on Wednesday the 5th November. Mr. Raghava Sastri, M.A., of the Loyola College, gave us a very interesting lecture on 'Some Hyper Complex Numbers'. During the course of the lecture he referred to the development of Pure Mathematics without reference to application. He gave us a formal method of development of Complex Numbers which gives us an easy transition to Hyper Complex Numbers. He also showed how hyper complex Algebra is only the algebra of Matrices of the nth order. Mr. L. N. Subramanyam presided.

Mr. Sundararama Sastri, M.A., University Lecturer in Statistics, is giving us a series of twelve lectures on statistics. We have finished six lectures now. They were delivered on Thursday the 23rd October, Wednesday the 29th October and Wednesday the 5th November respectively. We hope to finish the series before the end of the month.

Dr. Sreenivasan will be delivering an address on Thursday the 20th November on 'Mathematics—Maid or Mistress of Science?'

T. V. RANGARAJAN,
Secretary.

Physical Science Association

The Association had a rather busy programme this term, it having had five meetings in a short period of about five weeks. The activities of the second term began with a lecture on the 1st of October when Mr. P. Padmanabha Sarma (student) gave a talk on 'War Gases'. The talk dealt with the manufacture and use of the various poison gases used in modern warfare. Dr. Gandheker presided over the meeting.

For our second meeting, which was held on the 13th of October, we were fortunate enough to get Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F.R.S., Calcutta, to give us a lecture on 'Some recent developments in Physics'. Dr. Moses presided.

On Thursday the 16th October Mr. U. Raghavendrachar, B.Sc. (Hons.), of the Loyola College, gave us a talk on 'Modern Alchemy'. The conversion of one element into another by atomic nuclear bombardment was well explained by the speaker. Dr. Srinivasan presided on the occasion.

'Lithography and Linotyping' was the subject of a very interesting talk given by Mr. M. G. Broad, Press Superintendent, *The Hindu*, Madras, on Monday the 27th October. Mr. Broad showed a movie picture of the printing of *The Hindu* and also of the Mysore Dasara Celebration (the latter for the sake of entertainment). Dr. Moses was the president.

Mr. D. Krishnaswamy, M.A., M.SC., gave a discourse on 'Relativity' on Tuesday the 4th November. Dr. Srinivasan, who presided, gave a brilliant exposition of the same subject in his concluding remarks which lasted for nearly an hour.

According to our present programme, we may be having another meeting or two before the term comes to an end.

By way of explanation we may add that we had an unusually large number of meetings this term because we envisage the possibility of our not being able to hold many meetings next term in view of the University examinations. All the meetings were uniformly well attended.

P. P. SARMA,
Secretary.

Philosophical Association

The following were elected as class representatives at the beginning of this term:—

5 Hons.	...	Mr. R. Ramachandran.
4 Hons.	...	Mr. Jacob Kumaresan.
3 Hons.	...	Miss K. M. Bharati.
Class II	...	Mr. P. V. Varadachari.
Class I	...	Rev. T. J. Abraham.

On Tuesday the 7th October a meeting was held when Prof. J. P. Manikkam spoke to us on Relativity. He explained Einstein's theory in simple language enriching and supplementing his talk with anecdotes and seasonable jokes which made the audience shake with laughter. The president, Mr. C. T. Krishnamachari, added a few short remarks of his own in general about Relativity as expounded by several scientists and philosophers.

Rev. T. R. Foulger spoke to us on 12th November on the 'Theory and Practice of learning'. He dealt with the different theories of learning put forth by different psychologists in America and England. Mr. C. I. Mathunny, B.A., presided over the meeting.

During the course of the year we have been able to discover one interesting fact about our meetings; viz. that as the year rolls on the number of philosophy students who attend our meetings is dwindling. The last meeting was attended by no student of philosophy, and the previous one by only one.

Drs. D. Gurumurthi and Violet Paranjoti will speak to us during the course of the year.

K. P. PAUL,
Secretary.

Natural History Society

This term we had some very interesting and instructive lectures. Mr. J. Samuel Raj gave us a short talk on the 'Glow-worms of Tambaram'. The lecture was of a very high standard and was profusely illustrated with slides. Mr. B. Bonnell presided over this meeting. Another interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. Venkataraman, M.A., M.Sc. He spoke on 'Diatoms'. Mr. Venkatanathachari presided on this occasion.

For various reasons we were not able to work according to plan. We hope to do better next term.

P. Kesava Menon,
Secretary.

History and Economics Association

In the inter-collegiate debate held on Tuesday 24th October in the Presidency College, to discuss the resolution that the present deadlock in India could be solved by the application of the Poona Resolution passed by the Congress, our representative, Mr. M. P. Kesava Menon, fared very well and the resolution was carried.

On Tuesday 28th October Mr. L. N. Govindarajan, Professor of Economics in the Loyola College, delivered a lecture on 'War Finance'. During the course of his speech he said that the rise in prices as a result of the Government placing large orders for goods of different kinds can be controlled by increasing taxation and by floating loans and thereby affording an outlet for the savings of the people. Mr. Govindarajan then referred to the development of industries and observed that the Government should not take a narrow view of industrialisation and limit it only to those cases which had a direct and immediate bearing on war effort; they should take a long view and hasten industrialisation in India.

The next meeting was held on Friday 7th November when Mr. B. S. Murthi, ex-Parliamentary Secretary, spoke on the 'Unity of India'. After referring to the causes of disunity in India he observed that if compulsory free higher elementary education and adult franchise were given and separate electorates done away with, a new order could be ushered in.

We intend having two more meetings this term. The inter-collegiate debate under the auspices of our Association will be held early next term.

K. S. Ahmed Pasha,
Secretary.

English Honours Association

The Association started the term with a paper by Mr. D. S. George Muller on 'Matrimony and the Man of Letters'. The author took pains to prepare a long list of English literary men and pointed out that in the case of the majority of them marriage was a failure. According to him, the reason for their conjugal unhappiness lies in the amount of time literary men are forced to spend indoors. Other reasons were suggested by members of the audience. Next time the Association met to hear Mr. R. Srinivasan's learned paper on 'Shakespeare's use of soliloquy'. He pointed out the various uses to which the 'myriad-minded' Shakespeare has put this dramatic device. The next meeting was a debate. Mr. Ninan Abraham moved the proposition that 'the

academic study of literature is destructive of its true appreciation'. Mr. N. Sriram opposed the motion. Messrs. T. N. Jagadisan, T. V. Kunhikrishnan, R. Srinivasan, Godwin Rose and Padukone took part in the debate. The proposition was carried. We had high hopes of having an inter-collegiate debate with the Presidency College English Honours Association towards the middle of November; but our hopes were frustrated by certain unforeseen circumstances.

NINAN ABRAHAM,
Vice-President.

Dramatic Society

The Dramatic Society presented two plays for their annual performance on November 14, 1941, *Sacrifice* by Rabindranath Tagore and *Androcles and the Lion* by George Bernard Shaw. The following are critiques of the two plays :—

Sacrifice by Rabindranath Tagore

The staging of 'Sacrifice' was doubly appropriate at this time, not only because of the wish to do honour to the memory of India's Poet, but also because Tagore, in his dedication, has reminded us that it was written in honour of 'those heroes who bravely stood for peace when human sacrifice was claimed for the goddess of war'.

It is a play with little or no action; its effectiveness must depend largely on moments of tense expectancy rather than on any unfolding of character or story. The opening of the curtains shows the cruel, motionless figure of the goddess, with Jaising at her feet; and throughout the play she dominates and overshadows the players, king, priest and beggar, who move to and fro, torn by emotions of loyalty and friendship, between their devotion to her and the realities of love and death.

The producer had no easy task, for the author gives him almost no assistance; yet in a very simple setting, the temple courtyard dominated by the great mantapam and the image, he and the players made the most of the conflicting emotions of the play, and gave us a performance quite up to the standard we are beginning to expect from the Dramatic Society. Mention should perhaps be made of the realism provided by the musicians behind the scenes, and by the Physics Department and the unseen enthusiast who created a somewhat microphonic storm at the right moments.

Most of the players avoided the temptation to talk too rapidly, but occasionally their voices were lost in the big, difficult stage, and those who spoke up well had not sufficient range of tone.

There were two moments in the play when the audience wondered whether the players had rightly interpreted the mind of the poet: one was when Ragupati sat on the steps of the mantapam with his back to the image; the other was when Jaising, shuddering at the blasphemy spoken of Kali, uttered the name of Siva.

As usual, the costumes were very effective and colourful. But perhaps it is just as well that the soldiers of the play do not have to wear such uniforms on their U. T. C. parades to-day.

R. S. M.

Androcles and the Lion by George Bernard Shaw

Androcles and the Lion, the second play produced by the Dramatic Society was exceedingly well cast. E. P. Fritschi played the part of the tender-hearted, animal-loving Greek sorcerer turned Christian with great understanding. It is doubtful whether all the good-humoured back-chat with his wife Megaera (Madhava Menon) in the opening scene was heard, for surely such a situation might have expected 'a sure laugh' from a preponderantly male audience. Megaera spoke up well and her points were not lost, though possibly the interplay was. Much of the play turned on Androcles' passion for and influence over animals. When he and his wife, lost in the jungle, encounter a lion, he notices that it is groaning with pain and limping. At great personal risk he extracted a thorn from a forepaw and earned the lion's undying gratitude. His temerity is well repaid, for when he is thrown to lions in the arena shortly afterwards, this same lion instead of eating him greets him as a longlost brother. The lion (R. K. Samson) roared and purred in the right places, a not inconsiderable feat in that heavy and effective disguise.

Between these episodes with the lion much takes place. We see a band of Christian prisoners under a guard of Roman soldiers being led to Rome to be thrown into the arena. There is one woman, Lavinia, (Barbara McLean) among the Christians, of higher social standing than her fellow prisoners and although resolved to die with them, she is obviously somewhat amazed to find herself in their company. Barbara McLean plays the difficult rôle exceedingly well, with the dignity one would expect from a patrician, keeping the captain and the centurion in their place by her ready wit, and in no way exalting herself above the others. P. A. Turner's bluff, happy-go-lucky Centurion, was very much to the taste of the audience; he got on well with the prisoners and even joined in the singing of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers', because it was a good marching song. The Captain (J. F. Stirling) was admirably extended in the task of cajoling, rebuking, and exhorting 'the female prisoner' Lavinia (after a preliminary flirtation) to sacrifice to the gods 'as all well-bred Roman ladies do', and save herself.

More prisoners join these—Androcles, Ferrovius and Spintho. Ferrovius (L. M. Turner) is a man of tremendous strength, a genuinely muscular Christian. By the grace of God alone can he keep his physical force in check and later, when he is thrown to the lions, the lust for battle overwhelms him and he disposes of six armed gladiators with the greatest of ease. Ashamed at his failure to turn the other cheek Ferrovius swears allegiance to Mars—while Cæsar (Devaraj Menon) is so impressed by the spectacle that he declares that if Christians can fight like this, he will have none but Christians to fight for him. He then releases all the victims. L. M. Turner played the choleric Ferrovius with great force and did not allow his excellent diction to be drowned by passion.

The unpleasant part of Spintho was well played by K. Varugis. This debauched fellow longs for death in the arena, clinging to the belief that martyrdom pays all scores, but at the last moment he recants and postpones martyrdom till his nerves are stronger. A lion escapes and releases him from death-in-life.

After Cæsar's pardon Androcles gallantly offers to go to the lions because the menagerie-keeper (T. Spitteler) says the crowd can't be disappointed. The result we know. Androcles and the Lion return hugging each with delight and the élite of Rome flee before them. There is a comical interlude in which Cæsar implores Androcles to kill the lion and Androcles explains to Cæsar that the only way to tame the lion is to appear unafraid and very friendly towards himself. K. N. Raj as Lentulus, a degenerate patrician, made an excellent foil to Ferrovius whom he dared to taunt; he was carried out in a dead faint. The rest of the cast, O. K. Vijayan and Leonidas James (Christians) A. Padma Kumar and Devadoss Thomas (soldiers and gladiators) and D. W. Daniels (Call Boy), played their small rôles effectively.

Well cast, well played, well produced, it is not certain that Androcles and the Lion got across. Is the audience, like the customer, always right? Was it afraid to laugh after the powerful drama of Tagore's 'Sacrifice'? Was the *catharsis* of that play too complete to allow the audience to appreciate Shaw's wit and subtlity? Assuredly, 'a calm of mind, all passion spent' is not the responsive frame of mind required for a full appreciation of a play by G. B. S. A partial answer to these questions is found in faulty diction, and of this a number were guilty. The size of the Anderson Hall makes tremendous demands on the amateur and it is not enough to know and speak one's lines. A definite effort must be put forth to achieve correct emphasis, to make points and to get them across to the poor fellow in the back row who has paid to come in.

The Dramatic Society is fortunate in having once more as producer Mr. G. H. Jansen, whose skilled, unwearying (and sometimes thankless) services are always at its disposal.

MARGARET BINGLE.

The Society wishes to acknowledge its debt of gratitude to the foregoing writers of its dramatic critiques and also to Mrs. Bingle for her fine work upon the costumes. It is not easy to create a gladiator's breastplate out of about two yards of gold braid and a few safety pins but Mrs. Bingle succeeded admirably. Her effective costumes for Androcles testify to the fact that she is a worthy successor to Mrs. Barnes in the art of creating 'something out of nothing'. The Society wishes further to extend its thanks to all those who have in any way assisted it, either by the sale of tickets, or their receipt, or by work behind the scenes at its performance.

L. M. TURNER,
Secretary.

Fine Art Club

We have been continuing the activities of the club this term also. Only two classes have been conducted so far: Dr. Kibble, by virtue of his knowledge of advanced geometry, was the most suitable person to tackle the problems of 'Perspective', in the Painting Class. In the Cartooning Class Abraham Joseph spoke on 'Expression' and 'Age'. To make the subjects interesting and easy to understand, profuse black-board illustrations were used in both the classes.

There seem to be good prospects for a photographic section in the club. K. N. Raj, who is a promising amateur photographer, has already begun to help the club in this matter and we hope to start the section towards the commencement of the third term. We appeal to students to join the club, and benefit themselves thereby.

The undersigned brings to the notice of the readers the fact that he did not write the report of the club, which appeared in the last issue of the College Magazine. It was written by the President, Dr. Kibble.

We are happy to learn of the 'Craftsman's Club' begun by Mr. Macnicol in St. Thomas's Hall, and wish the new enterprise every success.

ABRAHAM JOSEPH,
Secretary.

Radio Club

Our Philips radio set came back after repair late last term. It is now being played in the evening daily from 5 to 7 p.m. We are glad to note that many students take an interest in listening in to the programmes.

On the 10th of October, Dr. Srinivasan gave a lecture on 'Valves and their working'.

We hope to have one more meeting this term.

T. N. LAKSHMI NARAYANAN,
Secretary.

Karnatic Music Society

The Society has been very active this year. No time was wasted after the business meeting in arranging performances of the highest order. The first performance was held on August 19, 1941, when Mrs. Kamala Ananthakrishnan entertained us with her delightful singing. Mr. Valadi Natesa Iyer accompanied her on the violin and Mr. Rajamani played on the drum. The performance was largely attended and much appreciated.

The sixth of October was a red letter day for us. We had the fortune of hearing the great South Indian vocalist Sangitha Ratnakara Ariyakudi Sri Ramanuja Iyengar who was in his best form that day and we were all carried away by his excellent music. He was accompanied by the celebrated master-violinist, Papa K.S. Venkataramiah, who drew from his instrument an exquisiteness of melody which dissolved us into ecstasies. Nagercoil Sri Ganesa Iyer, who played on the drum, was not in anyway behind these men. He played in quite a masterly fashion on the *mridanga* and delighted us. The Anderson Hall witnessed a record crowd that day and we had the privilege of having the immediate presence of Sri S. Satyamurti on the occasion. It was a good show on the whole and the performance was a great success.

The next important event came off on the 17th of October when the well-known South Indian humorist, S. V. V., came here and talked to us on the resolution passed in Chidambaram at the recent music conference. He talked with his usual ease, naturalness, and subtle humour and we all enjoyed his talk. It was followed by a Veena recital by one of our students,

Mr. Yagna Narayanan. We had also a dance by Miss Shanta and sisters. Mr. M. A. Thangaraj, our patron, presided and gave us a few useful tips.

All these ladies and gentlemen have understood the spirit of our Association and we heartily thank them for coming here all the way from their places and helping us in our activities. The performances were all free and so I have no hesitation in saying that with the encouragement given by the generous artistes and our patrons our society is bound to prosper and will be still going strong. We thank the Principal and our patrons for giving constant encouragement to us in our work.

I also thank our enthusiastic president, Mr. S. Sundara Raman, for his indefatigable help. We also feel grateful to Mr. K. I. Natarajan, but for whose active co-operation, our work these two terms would not have been half the success it has been.

We hope to have one or two more performances this term and with these our work this term will come to a close. I conclude by appealing to one and all to enrol themselves as members of this Association.

N. KALYANASUNDARAM,
Secretary.

Rural Service League

The beginning of the second term saw the fruition of many of our previous schemes. We are glad to have had the chance of extending our services to two more places—Mettucheri, which is between the post office and Irumbuliyur, and Kadapperi, about a mile away from the College on the Madras road.

In addition to the already existing night school four schools were started this term—one in Selaiyur Cheri by the Selaiyur Union, one in Mettucheri by St. Thomas's Union and two by the Bishop Heber Union in Thiruvanjeri Cheri and Kadapperi respectively. We are following the 'each-one-teach-one' scheme in some schools and the 'relay' system in some other schools. Almost all the night schools are run by volunteers from the villages themselves. For want of volunteers in Irumbuliyur village, two teachers of the district board school were requested to run the night school for a nominal fee of Rs. 6 per month. But as this paying system is affecting the voluntary system in the other villages, efforts are being made to convert the Irumbuliyur night school also into a voluntary institution. To encourage the voluntary teachers, special weekly tuition in English and other subjects is given to them.

Reading rooms have been established in almost all villages and cheries. The enthusiasm of the people of certain villages such as Selaiyur and Irumbuliyur has helped them to make their reading rooms entirely self-supporting. Books on hygiene and poultry have been placed in all the reading rooms at the disposal of the villagers. Now and then generous contributions are made by some students in the form of periodicals. Mrs. Barnes sends regularly eight Tamil magazines for our villages.

This being the rainy season, fevers, colds and such other complaints are very common. Medical chests are kept in the villages and they are of immense use especially now. Serious cases are being sent either to the college hospital or to the Government Hospital in Madras. We heartily thank our college doctors, who at times are ready even to go to the villages and attend to very dangerous cases. Lectures on Health are being arranged with the help of the Government Health Inspector in the villages. Digging drains and sweeping the streets are done in Irumbuliyur by St. Thomas's Hall Union.

Fresh youth leagues were established in Mettucheri and Kadapperi. With the co-operation of these leagues we are able to arrange lectures and entertainments in the villages.

Our poultry scheme is becoming very popular and successful. So far about two hundred leghorn eggs were distributed and about one hundred and fifty chicks have come out well. The ordinary village eggs we get in exchange for our leghorn eggs are sold to the college messes.

The hand-pounding rice scheme is running as before.

We have planned to encourage gardening in the villages. As an experimental measure we have opened model gardens in Mettucheri. Vegetables like bendai, radish, beans, tomatoes, brinjals and certain greens are grown there. In Irumbuliyur papaya and drumstick trees were planted in front of the houses and the householders are taking proper care of them.

A group of women students is visiting the Mappedu Cheri regularly. Their work at present is mainly with the children to whom they give instructions in personal cleanliness. Very soon our ladies will begin sewing classes for the elderly girls in the cheri. A batch of economics students of the Honours classes are making a statistical survey in Mappedu. A bulletin will be issued early next year by this batch.

We are glad that the entertainment in aid of the Rural Service League was a very great success. We got about Rs. 600 from it. This amount is kept as a capital sum, and occasionally we are spending something from that amount for capital expenses like buying charkas. We are thinking of establishing a college settlement to train up village workers in spinning, weaving, poultry keeping, paper making and such other cottage industries. We thank all the members of the entertainment committee, all those who took part in it and everyone who has contributed something towards the success of the entertainment.

C. J. SAMUEL,
General Secretary.

ATHLETICS

Cricket

Though we started the season with great hopes we did not fare well as the season progressed. Among the reverses, the one against the Muhammadan College is especially noteworthy. We not only fared badly against a very inferior team but we actually were defeated by them. With due respects to the Muhammadan College team, it has to be said that it was more a case of our losing the match than their winning it. At one stage of the game they were 27 for 7. Thereafter our fielding disintegrated to such an extent that they collected 93 runs for the next two wickets and just managed to win. Our fielding on this occasion was hopelessly bad and, on the average, three catches were missed by every player. Under-rating the opponents often ends in disaster. It is hoped that this experience will prevent such exhibitions in the future.

The 2nd XI played a few matches this term. Many more would have been played but for the rains.

Football

We have again won the Inter-Collegiate League—for the third year in succession. And, again, we had to share the honours with the Engineering College—for the third year in succession. We should have won it outright this time but for the unexpected result when we played the Medical College, which was drawn. Though the Medicals were a good side, we should have won by a comfortable margin. The game was rather rough but it was chiefly on account of the spectators that our players were upset. In this connection, a word about the behaviour of our student spectators will not be out of place. Every match on our grounds attracts a large crowd which is quite natural. But very often the spectators get themselves unduly excited. They shout themselves hoarse and with their shouting create a tense atmosphere. Playing in such conditions, the players are put off their normal game. The visitors get the idea that a vast crowd is against them and that the only way to get anything done is to resort to desperate tactics. This in turn excites the crowd to a higher pitch and the process goes on in a vicious circle. On several occasions the excitement of our students was the cause of bungling on the part of several of our own players who were almost on the point of scoring. Another form in which uncontrolled excitement is exhibited is when the crowd rushes into the ground shouting wildly when the equaliser or the winning goal is scored in a well contested match. This is very bad form and should never be seen among a set of cultured young men. It is hoped that such things will not be repeated in the future. We must learn to treat the visiting team as our guests and not as our enemies. Even under provocation we must learn to keep our emotions under control.

For the first time, the Madras University took part in the Inter-University Football tournament. The Madras University team had four of our players in it: K. I. Eapen (Centre-forward), P. Laurie (Right-in), A. T. Thomas (Left-Halfback) and R. S. Amirtharaj (Left-Fullback).

Hockey

The Hockey team was weakened considerably when Joyce and Coyne left College at the end of last term. Yet another man had to leave before we had played all our Inter-Collegiate matches. W. N. C. Hensman, the Captain, left College when he was granted an Emergency Commission in the Army. Thus, the team was very much depleted. This weakening of the team had its effects on the team's performances this term. We lost against the Medicals and against the Muhammadans while we were forced to a draw by the Engineers. However, we hope to do something better in the Stokes Shield Tournament.

The 2nd XI has been quite active. They played several matches during the term and would have played more if they could get opponents in sufficient number.

Basketball

In the Bertram Memorial tournament we defeated the Vellore team but were beaten in the next round by the Engineering College, who finally won the trophy.

The Inter-Hall tournament was started by the beginning of November. It is hoped to complete the tournament before the second term closes. In the first match, St. Thomas's (Holders) beat Bishop Heber. The Heber team played very well in the first half and were only 2 points behind the winners. In the second half the St. Thomas's team played with determination and eventually won the match with a comfortable margin.

Volleyball

We completed our League engagements by the end of October. Of the ten matches we won all matches except three. There is a proposal to start an Inter-Hall tournament in Volleyball during the third term.

Boxing

After a course of systematic training we have entered a large number of boxers to take part in the Novice's Tournament conducted by the Madras Amateur Boxing Association. The Inter-Collegiate Championships will be held in the third term and we hope to make a strong bid to retain the Championship which we have held for the last four years in succession.

Track and Field

Though an attempt was made to start the Track season early in October the weather made it impossible to carry out a systematic programme of training. The College Sports may be held much later than usual—early in February. The Inter-Collegiate Sports, the Inter-Divisional Sports conducted by the University, and the Madras Olympic Sports have all been scheduled to take place early in January. This would make things rather difficult in the matter of selecting the College team. However, if our athletes will undergo systematic training it will not be very difficult to decide who should represent the College.

Inter-Hall Junior Tournaments

Some attempt was made last year to start Inter-Hall tournaments in Football and Hockey. In order to encourage more people to play and to make the competitions less serious in character these tournaments were to be open only to those who are not members of the College teams. For various reasons it was not possible to run these tournaments last year. This year another attempt will be made, in the third term, to put these competitions on a sound footing.

C. A. A.

The Football Tour

On the 16th of September a party of our Footballers was seen hurrying to the railway station at about 11 a.m. Some of the regulars were not in the party, Raghunath and Santiago being unable to make the trip. Instead, T. J. Thomas, Sampson and K. M. Eapen were going as substitutes. Our benevolent President and our dear C. A. were at the station but they were there only to see the party off and not, as we had hoped, to accompany us. We reached Chidambaram by 7-30 p.m. and were met at the station by the Physical Director, the Football Captain and others from the Annamalai University. After a fairly long walk we were ushered into a commodious apartment, the Indian Guest House, which was to be our abode till we left Chidambaram.

Early next morning, we played a Basketball match with the Annamalai University, though this was not part of our original programme. The home team started off well and Neelakantan, their star player, scored every time he aimed and ran up a good lead. T. J. Thomas opened the scoring for us and was later followed by A. T. Thomas. K. I. Eapen came in during the second half as one of the backs. He effectively bottled up Neelakantan, K. V. George, meanwhile, was shooting incessantly, though not to much purpose. In the end we won comfortably by ten points, the final scores being 33-23. A. T. Thomas was the top scorer.

In the afternoon, we were again ready to meet the University, this time in Football. The game was rather rough and most of our players sustained minor injuries. The ground too was not conducive to good football ; it was uneven and covered with an abundance of grass in some places which made easy movements difficult. Perhaps, this accounted to a great extent for our unexpected defeat, by two goals to nil. One of the goals was scored off a penalty. We missed Santiago for the corner kicks which were awarded to us in plenty. Sampson was safe in the goal and the two goals scored against him were not due to any fault of his.

Early next morning, we started on our return journey. At Cuddalore we broke journey to play a match with the Cuddalore Football Club. Before the match, we were entertained to a grand tea by a resident of the place—an uncle of K. V. George. The match was well-contested and was played before a large gathering. It ended in a draw, each team scoring once. Laurie scored for us with an excellent shot. Once during the game, our Captain performed an almost incredible acrobatic feat. He was seen flying in the air. Then he came down rather abruptly landing on his neck. Within a fraction

of a second he was up again, coming up like a jack-in-the-box. Immediately afterwards he continued with the game as if nothing had happened. Eapen is like that, full of tricks.

We resumed our journey in the night and reached our dear old Tambaram the next morning, after a most enjoyable tour.

T. J. THOMAS.

The Amphibian Rugby Football Club

The amphibians are thriving in spite of the unusual changes of weather. Our regular programme, however, was almost completely dislocated by the Hall fixtures and other Hall activities.

Early this term we played a Ceylon University team and lost. The game was quite fast. The 'crack' tackling of our back, P. A. Turner, kept the very efficient opposing 3 Q's in check. Being our first match against an outside team, it was a good experience for our men.

Admission to the club is still open. We invite the college 'toughs' again. Come to the Lake! Come with us and 'gambol in primaeval slime!'

K. VARUGIS,
Secretary.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

We started work in all earnestness on the 2nd of July. As usual there was a tremendous rush at the armoury of men who did not even care to have a sumptuous meal in the afternoon in their eagerness to taste something of the military aspect of educational institutions. But 'many are called and only a few chosen'. Some applicants had to be rejected either by the Officer Commanding or by the Bn. Medical Officer. We had full strength in about a month; the recruits were quite enthusiastic and learnt things rather quickly.

The year opened to see plenty of changes in Arms, Field and Foot Drill. As a matter of fact the changes considerably lessen the unessentials of drill and suit modern conditions of battle. Of course the old drill is grander to watch as was the Imperial army of India which could not withstand the simpler and less grand armies of the West.

A few changes occurred at Headquarters. Our former Adjutant Captain Raja Gulam Md. Khan of the Rajput Regiment left us, and the vacancy was filled by Captain T. S. Subramanya Iyer who formerly commanded the Loyola detachment and who has now got an Emergency Commission in the Indian Territorial Force. Further, S. S. I. Kingshott, who was attached to our College, was transferred to the Salem Mounted Rifles and in his place we had the privilege of welcoming S. S. I. Jackson who was with us five years ago.

S. S. I. Jackson takes much interest in coaching all N. C. O's by holding special classes and issuing to them a precis of his lecture each day. We hope the N. C. O's will prove worthy of all his pains.

Since many senior N. C. O's left us last year there were many vacancies. One could see the blood rushing into the cheeks of men who read the Bn. Orders in which our Contingent promotions were published. The promotions are as follows:—

Cpl.	Sridharan to be	*C. S. M.*
L/Cpl.	Poulose	*C. Q. M. S.*
Cpl.	Thomas	
,,	Mantramurti	*Sgts.*
Cdt.	Cherian	
L/Cpl.	Thimmiah	
,,	Sabanayagam	
,,	Devadoss	
,,	Varugis	*Cpls.*
Cdt.	Fenn	
,,	Thomas Jacob	
,,	Kingsley Charles	
,,	Dorairaj	*L/Cpls.*
,,	Turner	
,,	Pooviah	

We extend our cordial greetings to all of them and hope they will prove worthy of their ranks.

This year the Headquarters has decided to award the most coveted 'Willingdon Shield' for all-round efficiency in Camp. Some of the recruits have taken this seriously and desire to snatch that 'Golden Apple'. So it is a challenge to each member of this contingent to maintain the noble traditions set up in palmy days by those veterans who were anxious, and still are, to see posterity win greater honours.

They have decided to go under canvas this year at Red Hills. It is the first time that Red Hills are to be tramped by military boots and we hope it would be a fitting substitute to Avadi where the Cadets were pampered for the past two years.

We are frequently visited by the Colonel and the Adjutant. Their visits are very inspiring. We are indeed grateful to our Principal who visits us on cold Saturday mornings just because he is forced out of bed by the gruff voice of the Under-Officer swearing at a squad of recruits, who visits us regularly in the evenings with his mischievous smile and with a walking-stick in hand and who makes remarks to the N. C. O. in charge or the Cadets parading.

The real test of the troop comes when it is put on the field and so we expect the cheery and sincere co-operation of all the men during the camp so that our predecessors may not be ashamed of us.

'We shall not ask if we won or lost but if we played the game.'

G. GNANADIKAM.

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall

Two gala occasions have enlivened the Second Term in Heber Hall. The first was the Annual Athletic Sports, held this year on a scale of Babylonian lavishness. It seemed at first that the September rains would thwart the plans for the Sports, and one or two of our better-known athletes who had been bogged during the heats began to study the rudiments of the breast-stroke. Fortunately, the rude weather which had prevailed during the heats ceased abruptly on Sports Day, and the programme was run off in brilliant sunshine. Below are the results :

100 metres	(1) W. Hensman, (2) N. D'Sena.
200 ,, ...	(1) N. D'Sena, (2) V. Hensman.
400 ,, ...	(1) V. Hensman, (2) W. David.
800 ,, ...	(1) W. David, (2) G. Ramachandra Naidu.
1500 ,, ...	(1) W. David, (2) G. R. Naidu.
110 metres hurdles ...	(1) W. Hensman, (2) A. S. Paul.
200 ,, ,, ...	(1) W. Hensman, (2) V. Hensman.
Hop, step and jump ...	(1) W. Hensman, (2) D'Sena.
Long jump	(1) C. D. Mantramurthy, (2) T. S. Narayanaswamy.
High jump	(1) T. S. Narayanaswamy, (2) H. Baldrey.
Pole Vault	(1) D. Bhaktha, (2) A. S. Paul.
Shot putt	(1) Jothi Pandian, (2) P. A. John.
Discus	(1) H. Baldrey, (2) P. A. John.
Hall Champion :	W. Hensman.
Relay (4 × 200 metres) ...	(1) Selaiyur, (2) Bishop Heber, (3) St. Thomas.

The results as a whole are of a high standard. Mr. Jothi Pandian has probably created a new record for the Sack Race. We regret that in the hubub and excitement of the race, the judges neglected to time it. We congratulate those members of the Staff who deserted wife and family to compete in the Staff race. The event was won by Mr. K. M. George, the Warden, coming a valiant second ; he attributes his failure to a strong head-wind. The Championship cup was won by Mr. W. N. C. Hensman, who recently left the Hall to train for a commission in the Indian Army. We hope that he will take the problems of his military career in the same easy stride that he displays on the sports-field.

A special feature of the Sports this year was the tea served during the interval. Another innovation was the distribution of certificates as prizes instead of tooth-paste and sock-suspenders, articles received usually by competitors with false teeth and dhoties.

A few weeks later we celebrated our annual Hall Day. It was decided that the arrangements this year should not be farmed out to various capitalists, but that domestic supplies of Land, Labour and Capital should be used as far as possible. This ostracism of contractors was justified by the results. A great economy was effected on the tea, chief item on the Hall Day budget. At the same time, the menu, far from showing signs of parsimony, was of unprecedented length. An Old Student of the Hall remarked to a present member that he could not remember a tea of such amplitude before the War—the Boer War. We extend our thanks and felicitations to the members of the Tea Committee, the Tables Commission and the Sandwiches Sub-Committee for their selfless devotion to duty.

Tea was followed by an Entertainment. The chief item was an English comedy in one Act entitled 'Nicodemus'. We congratulate Mr. Vaidyalingam for his performance as Mrs. Hollycock. His manoeuvres with a lady's straw hat and floral embellishments amused not only the audience, but also the others on the stage. Mr. Baruch and Mr. Devraj Menon, sinuous exponents of the Hawaiian dance, with their garlands and cellophane skirts, brought a touch of romantic colour to the programme.

Apart from these major incidents, Hall life has been fairly placid. We observe with mixed feelings the growth of a Gramophone Club. It is their noble ambition to acquire the largest and most cosmopolitan collection of music in Chingleput. I dedicate the graceful elegy beneath to the Managing Body of the Club:

'If Music be the food of Love',
We heard one state,
'If that's the case, ah Heavens above,
Then give me Hate!'

J. F. Stirling,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

We open our report this term on a mournful note. We regret to announce that a much beloved inmate of the Hall has recently had to leave us owing to pressure from the College authorities. She took part in all the Hall activities, from making witty remarks at debates to singing in the bath. She was an extremely intelligent and affectionate etc., etc., creature. It is not an exaggeration to say that she was the most well-behaved 'she' we've come across since the days of 'Patience'. It is not too much to hope that Teeto is finding the palm-fringed shores of Malabar more romantic!

We came back this term to busy ourselves almost immediately with the Selaiyur entertainment. Suffice it to say that we have kept up the Selaiyur tradition as faithful exponents of the dramatic art leavened with our traditional originality. I must not forget to mention that our 'Policeman's Serenade' had its fourth successful night on the Q.M.C. stage. We hope it will be equally appreciated by the Rotarians who have asked to see it at their Carnival. Hats off to Mr. Macnicol!

The sporting activities of the Hall, (the more manly variety) are proceeding with enthusiasm and vigour. Some of the annual tournaments have been already played and decided.

But there is no ebb in the more intellectual activities. Poesy and humour are at a high level as usual, finding ample expression in the Hall Bulletin. But Selaiyurians feel in agreement with Oscar Wilde that debating is not in keeping with true culture.

This term Selaiyur produces yet another club. How musical we are! We have now a 'Gramophone Club'. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery then we have very sincere neighbours.

Health has been good. 'No death due to senile decay.'

J. FRANCIS,
General Secretary.

With the permission of the Editor, I am adding a short postscript to the Secretary's report. His report opens on a mournful note because of the departure from our midst of Teeto. This postscript catches the note of mourning also, this time because of the resignation from office of our Hall Secretary. Because of ill-health he has found it necessary to resign, and we are sorry both on his own account and on the Hall's account. We appreciate all that he has done for the Hall during his term of office, and we say Good-bye to him before he goes home for the rest of this term, in the hope that he will be back amongst us at the beginning of the third term, feeling fit again and ready to give us the help we know he can give in Hall affairs, even although he is no longer Secretary.

GAVIN C. MARTIN,
Warden, Selaiyur Hall.

St. Thomas's Hall

With the advent of the second term there has come into the hall a new note of quietness and that great monster (examinations) fully armed with its various weapons such as 'Detention', 'Warning', and 'Progress Report', has already begun to haunt the minds of seniors as well as juniors.

Yet it should not be understood that the hall is always quiet. We can still hear, of an evening, the great orator and Demosthenes of Tambaram, giving vent to his inconsistent ideas with a powerful voice that reverberates along the hall corridors, or sometimes we hear an occasional laughter caused by the small strides and quick wits of our baby Sreenivasan.

We did not feel the absence of Muthu on Puja day because Mr. S. and Mr. V. came to the rescue, the former with his tiresome music and the latter with the essentials of orthodox Brahmanism. Indeed it was piquant to watch some of our non-Hindu brethren paint their foreheads with sandal.

And Deepavali? Oh! You ought to have been here to see the fun. It was a real *Avali* of *Deepas*. There were hundreds of lights and the mad bursting crackers went like meteors through the leaves and branches of the trees. The aeroplanes rose high up in the sky roaring; but alas! were shot down by the shouts of human anti-aircraft—of course without any bombs

being dropped. Exactly at 10 p.m. the fun and frolic of the day came to an end, darkness prevailed and there was dead silence, but for the sweet music of Mr. Sundararaman which prolonged as a lengthening chain through the darkness as if to connect the flood of light of the *Deepas* with the king of light at day break.

And did you ever hear of a precedent we established in Tambaram debates? Our young shy members of the hall are being turned into veteran speakers by the ingenious and unique method adopted by Mr. Sivasubramanya Pillai, secretary for debates.

At the time this report goes to the editor our secretary for entertainments has no achievement to boast of—for our turn comes rather late this term. Our secretaries of indoor and outdoor games are busy conducting their tournaments.

It is rumoured that Mr. Abraham Joseph, the renowned artist, and Michael Angelo of the east, has launched all his talents in designing a separate crest for our hall.

The Vandalur Rangers are still going strong with the spirit of those who play cricket on the village green and with their guardian angel, the Vandalur Hills overlooking the green meadow beside the still lake.

During the course of this term all of us were sorry to bid farewell to Mr. K. V. Mani, our chemistry tutor, who left us to join the Benares Hindu University for further studies in Pharmacology. We wish him every success.

The preparations for the commemoration day sports are in full swing. Even though we have lost two of our best sportsmen, Messrs. Kurien Joseph and Joseph Massilamani, we hope to acquit ourselves creditably. The Principal may call us the 'Bondas of Tambaram', but we are still and will be the champions of the 'War'.

K. O. CHERU,
General Secretary.

COLLEGE NOTES

Congratulations

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. V. Chakkarai Chetty, a former student of our College, on his election as Mayor of Madras. He is in the line of succession of distinguished former students to whose hands the affairs of the City have been entrusted from time to time, and we are sure his regime will be marked by a high standard of administration. Mr. Chakkarai Chetty is a member of the Committee of the College Day Association and is to preside at the celebration of the College Day next month. The new Deputy Mayor, Mr. N. Gopala Menon is also a former student and to him likewise we extend our felicitations.

College Day

We understand that the College Day is to be celebrated on Tuesday, January 13, 1942. It is hoped that a large number of students, past and present, will attend, and many Old Boys will become regular subscribers to the Magazine. There is no better way of retaining one's affection for and renewing one's loyalty to the *alma mater* than by keeping in touch with her activities.

Appreciations of Mr. Barnes

Elsewhere in this issue will be found two appreciations of the late Mr. Barnes which did not arrive in time to be included in the September issue. One is by our own Mr. Matthews who is still known, at any rate by reputation, to the majority of the citizens of Tambaram, and may be left to introduce himself. The other is by Mr. Cecil Fischer who was for many years in the Indian Forest Service, and on retirement was in charge of the Indian section at Kew Gardens. We learn with regret that Mr. Fischer was seriously injured in a recent air raid, and are grateful that, even so, he willingly set down for us his impressions of Mr. Barnes and his botanical work. Coming from so distinguished an authority this estimate of Mr. Barnes's work is of special interest.

Our Magazine

When the Magazine was first published nearly sixty years ago it was intended to fill a gap in Indian periodical literature. Dr. Miller, writing the introductory article, declared that a new era was dawning upon India and that a distinctive national tendency was bound to appear very soon. He hoped that the Magazine would awaken thought among the class upon whom the future depended and that they who were fitted to take the lead in forming such a national tendency would, through its columns, give shape and utterance to what was at work in their minds. He believed that some help had to be afforded in making such tendencies good and healthful in their character

and that the conductors of the Magazine could aspire to do so because to them Christ was the centre of all history, the true Enlightener and Saviour alike of the individual and of the race: that the truth He declared, if once its bearing on the point in hand could be fully understood, was the most trustworthy guide in every difficulty of thought and practice that could at any time arise. With this mighty and worthy aim the Magazine first appeared in July 1883; the Rev. George Patterson, Professor of History, was its editor.

We wonder how many of our readers have seen this 'our first grand parent'. It was a slim booklet of octavo size, with articles contributed mostly by members of the professorial staff. There were Book Reviews, Notes and Extracts, Science Jottings and Correspondence. There was a section of Queries; one query asks 'What books ought I to study for the M.A. examination in history?' The Magazine was published every month and appeared quite regularly. In July 1901 a formal connection with the college was established and Mr. Kellet became editor. Inaugurating the new series the editor appealed to his numerous Indian readers to extend the bounds of knowledge. He said: 'Many of them are well qualified to investigate some of the thousand problems of South Indian history. Many can fix the record, before it is too late, of customs that are passing away. Many have opportunities of studying plant or animal life that European naturalists would envy.'

Twenty years rolled by and in January 1921 the Magazine ceased to be a monthly. It assumed its present size and general appearance and was published four times a year. It determined to 'give to a greater extent than it has done an account of the college activities and of the doings of the old students of the college'. Six years later, in 1927, appeared a little cloud like a man's hand—the Students' Section which generously made room for one poem and one essay from its student readers. After three years this section disappeared and student contributions were printed along with the other articles.

The following year (1931) saw the formulation of a new policy which decided to make the Magazine a Student Magazine. It was decided to devote the bulk of the Magazine 'to a record of what is actually happening in the College and to critical reflections on it' and 'faithfully hold up the mirror to all the common interests of past and present students, criticising them intelligently, sometimes perhaps gently satirising them'. It is in that stage of development that the present Board found the Magazine and it strives to be worthy of the history thus briefly outlined.

We do not know if our readers noticed a certain change in the style of the Magazine when the last issue was published. The matter appeared in one column (not two); this has been the traditional format since the Magazine was founded. The double column must have crept in between 1934 and 1936. This reversal to a time-honoured form does not imply a return to the older policy of ten years ago. But it does mean that we intend making the Magazine a true reflection of the things that we (students and staff) think about and value, of the contributions to knowledge it may be our good fortune to make, of the books we read and of the ideals we cherish, of our work as well as of

our play. The Magazine will be more than a brightly and cleverly written chronicle of the daily round. We desire that it should be a measure of the stature of our life here in Tambaram.

Greetings

It is not easy to wish our readers a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year, in a world enduring agony of mind and body. But we do it in the confidence that outer circumstances cannot injure the life hidden in God, and in the hope that He will work out His purposes through the storm and stress of world conflict. In the preparation for a better and happier world order our College will play no unworthy part.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

Second Term—1941

Sept.	28	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
Oct.	5	...	Dr. J. F. Butler.
	12	...	Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah.
	19	...	Mr. G. C. Martin.
	26	...	Rev. E. J. M. Wyld.
Nov.	2	..	Mr. E. J. Bingle.
	9	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
	16	...	Rev. C. W. Ranson.
	23	...	Rev. A. Silver.
	30	...	Rev. T. G. Platten.
Dec.	7	...	The Principal.

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